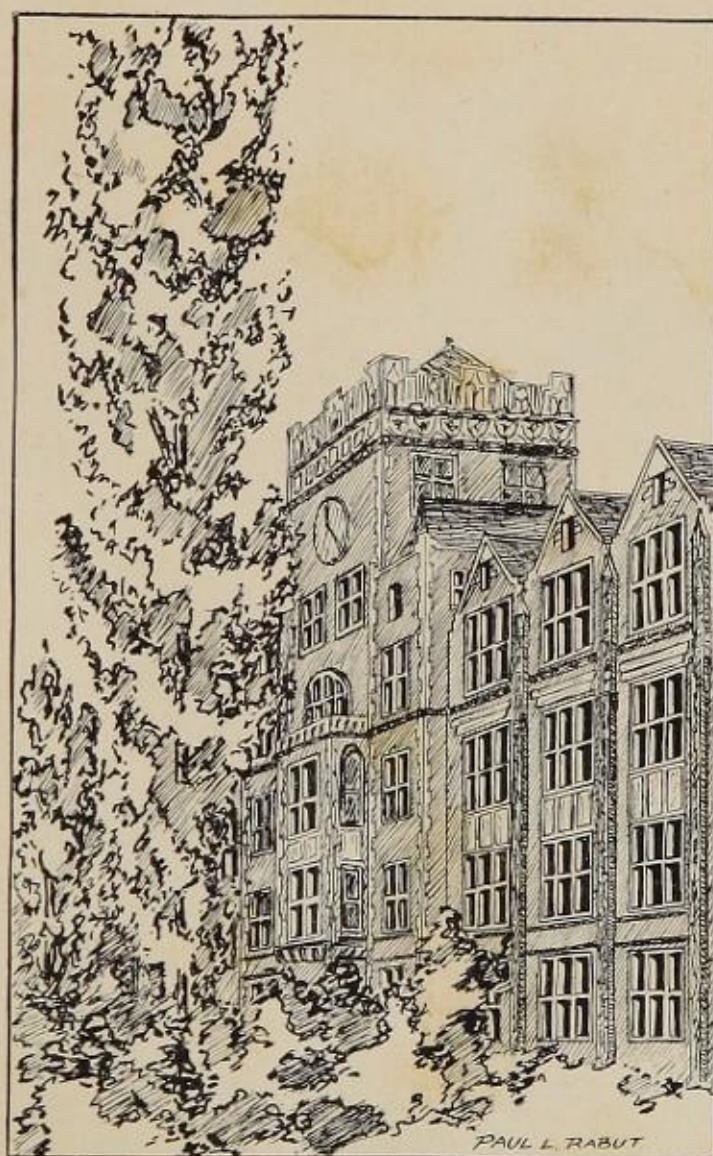


Grimson
and Gold

June
1930

Townsend Harris Hall



Foreword

On adding this book to the ever growing list of what Charles Lamb termed "books which are no books"—"*Biblia abiblia*"—it seems proper to explain on what grounds this, the latest Crimson and Gold, makes its claim to being both useful and justifiable and for what reasons it was published.

For, in our opinion a Senior magazine, such as this, is both useful and justifiable. As the record of our class, of its trials, its failures, and its ultimate successes, it is to the undergraduates a shining light to guide them on to even greater successes. And for the Seniors, members of the Class of June 1930, men who in a short while will leave these walls, it performs another and still more valuable function. It is the bridge which spans the gap of time and links with tender memories the boy of today and the man that will be.

The turn of events has given this volume another function which it was not, at first, our intention to give it. That of chronicles of our school. For the Harris of yesterday and today will tomorrow be no more. By the move to Twenty-third Street the Townsend Harris Hall that we now know will cease to exist. And lest it perish spiritually as well as physically we have attempted to make of this book a chronicle and a record. To this end we have placed herein an increased number of pictures, enlarged the literary department by adding to the amount of stories and establishing a poetry and humor department, and have included a history of Harris.

The aforementioned increase in the size of the literature section is one of the chief features of this magazine. Heretofore an almost entirely neglected department we have attempted it to the high position which is rightfully its. For, as the chief medium of student expression literature has an exceedingly great place in all student activities. It is the soul and the spirit of Townsend Harris Hall—the interpreter of progress and the mirror of ideals.

T. H. H.

Harris may be dated back to the beginning of the Free Academy. By act of the State Legislature on May 7, 1847, the proposal of Townsend Harris to establish the Academy was passed, and approved in a general referendum that June. In November, the Academy building at Twenty-third Street and Lexington Avenue was begun.

The course proper was scheduled to take four years, but an "Introductory Year" was considered necessary to bridge the gap between elementary school and Academy. Thus the first class entered the Introductory department on January 15, 1849, and did not become students of the Academy itself until a year later. Always there was maintained a distinction between the "Introducts" and the rest of the classes.

In 1870 a separate building was erected to house the sub-Freshman department, and in 1871 Mr. David Burnet Scott was appointed principal.

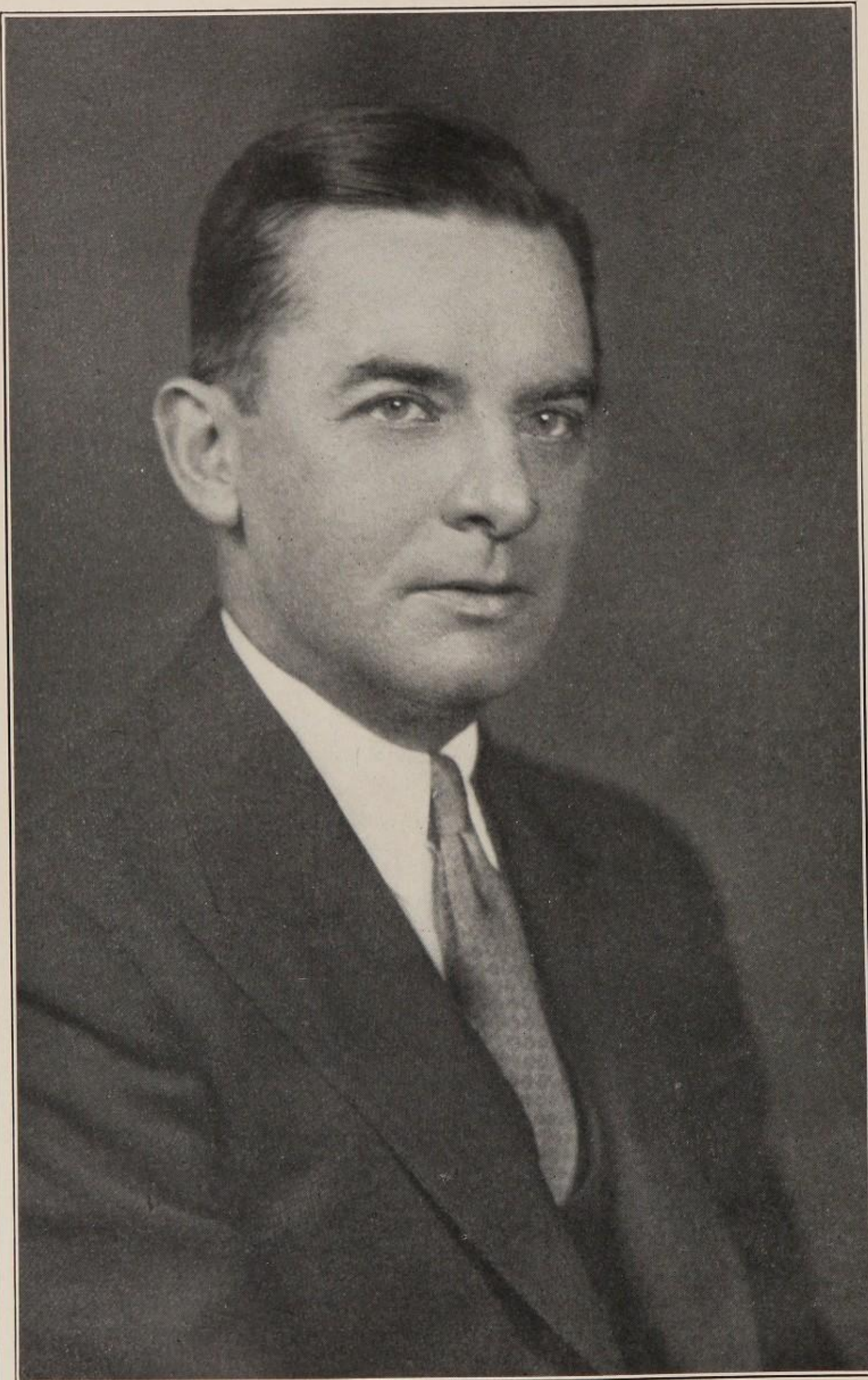
Overcrowding menaced the college in the nineties. Annexes, part time sessions and office lofts were resorted to tide the college over until the new buildings on St. Nicholas Terrace, which had been made possible by a legislative act in 1895, should be finished.

At the end of the century the Board of Regents demanded that the College lengthen its course in accordance with the current trend. It was finally agreed to gradually lengthen the course to seven years, by subdividing the sub-Freshmen year into six terms. The class of January, 1908 was the first to complete the course in the required seven years.

The "Academic Department" was now definitely separated from the College, under Prof. John R. Sim, the Professor-in-charge.

Finally, in September, 1905, Townsend Harris Hall was made ready for part occupancy; and, a year later, the entire school was installed in the building named, as Pres. Finley suggested, after the man to whom the college owes its foundation.

Since 1906 the History of Townsend Harris Hall has been a steady, unruffled flow. Few changes have been made, although a wealth of tradition has grown, like the ivy, about the building. The greatest development has been in the extra-curricular field, yet the college liberty of Harrisites has not been harmful: Harris has ever maintained a record for scholarship, unexcelled in the State.



To
GEORGE M. FALION

*an executive whose honorable simplicity and
disinterested devotion have in a short year
won him universal respect, and a gentleman
whose singular charm, tact, and affability
have particularly engaged our affection,
this book is dedicated.*

Faculty



FALION, GEORGE M. M.A.
*Democratic and mellow
He's just a jolly good fellow.*
Director



BOGDANOVE, A. J.
*Rewards us well with marks
respective,
To our standards of perspective*
Art Department



HUTCHINSON, FREDERICK W. A.N.A.
*With each new plate he starts
a row,
By asking us, "What's that, a
cow?"*
Supervisor, Art Department



ALLES, ROBERT H. M.A.
*Our English head, serene and calm,
Quiets riots like a balm.*
Supervisor, English Department



LANG, JOHN T.
*O'er each plate does fret and stew,
And gives eighty—divided by two.*
Art Department



KLEIN, DAVID Ph. D.
*A philosopher and genial scholar
He values Shakespeare, not the
dollar.*
English Department

D'ANDREA, ALBERT P. A.B.
*In certain circles has no betters,
Advisor of the Arts and Letters.*
Art Department

FITZPATRICK, JOSEPH E. A.M.
*"As lion gathers bones in den,
So give me one more fountain pen".*
English Department

FENDERSON, MARK
*The Hour Glass, so goes a rumor,
Would like to have his sense of
humor.*
Art Department

DYER, CECIL B. M.A.
*Supervisor of debates
He destines all our speaker's fates.*
English Department

BOYD, EDWARD F.
*He teaches art mechanical,
And gives us marks ironical.*
Art Department

FLYNN, JAMES E. A.B.
*No longer to the world can say
"They came to scoff, but stayed to
pay".*
English Department





MARTIN, CHRISTOPHER A.M.
*Whate'er he does he does most well,
 And to un-neatness bid farewell.*
 English Department



TRILLING, LOUIS R. A.M.
*Tho he treats the students royally
 Wants them, like him, to come oily.*
 English Department



SMITH, MAX M.S.
*A handball player of renown,
 Holds faculty athletic crown.*
 English Department



FRIEDMAN, JACOB A. A.M.
*Advisor to the C. & G.,
 From morn till night hard worketh he.*
 History Department



DENNETT, DAYTON N. B.A.
*For the Varsity Show, the Varsity Show,
 He slaves and drives and never says "whoa."*
 English Department



LANDMAN, JACOB H. A.M.
*Author of some law treatises,
 He'll stick to hist'ry, he surmises.*
 History Department

GOLDWAY, DAVID B.S.
*He came to us quite recently,
 And treated us right decently.*
 English Department

BLAKE, GEORGE W. M.A.
*He clamps his pipe between his jaws,
 And worships it like Charlie Dawes.*
 History Department

PENN, EDWARD E. B.S.
*Fitz' love for him would still be mountin'
 If only his first name were Fountain.*
 English Department

MANDERVILLE, EDWIN W. A.M.
*Two terms from now will perhaps see
 Addressed to him a C. & G.*
 History Department





PERLMUTTER, BERNARD A.B.
*'Creates' history with a bang,
And flavors with judicious slang.*
History Department



ROSEN, EDWARD B.A.
*With him one's never in doldrums
Because he's one of our
"newcomes."*
Latin Department



STRYKER,
*Takes the bull and often throws it,
Tho half the time he scarcely
knows it.*
Supervisor, Latin Dept.

STANDERWICK, HENRY F. A.M.
*A man who takes things seriously
Because—because—well obviously.*
Latin Department



BEGG, WILLIAM R. A.M.
*Has unshorn locks and hates the
system
Where 'tween the lines there's
written wisdom.*
Latin Department

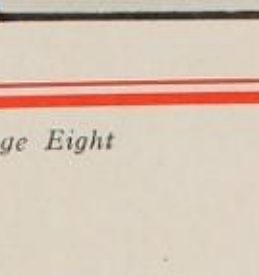


KERNAN, JAMES B.A.
*Without a doubt there's sure one
thing,
With him you'll do—that's learn
something.*
Latin Department



CHASTNEY, ROBERT H. A.M.
*A Whalen and a crime detector,
Stopped scaring us and turned
director.*
Latin Department

HEYNICH, RICHARD H. Diploma
*The German language is his
saddle,
He aids our swimming team to
paddle.*
Supervisor, German Department



DRABKIN, ISRAEL E. A.M.
*Not very drab as you will find,
But more than Kin and less than
Kind.*
Latin Department

TAUB, L. LEO A.B.
*One may divide our German
"staff"
And find he's every bit one half.*
German Department

SHELDON, EDWARD M.A.
*Whate'er sweet fortune takes or
brings,
He still holds tight G. O. purse
strings.*
Latin Department

ROBINSON, DEVEREUX M.E.
*Far above petty dissensions,
Keeps his head mid fourth
dimensions.*
Supervisor, Math. Department





NEWMAN, PHILIP M.A.
*He sets his work to even meter
 And snubs each day a blithe
 repeater.*
 Mathematics Department



TRUESDELL, WALDO B. A.M.
*A man whose floors there's often
 strife on,
 Holds his sway with squirting
 siphon.*
 Supervisor, Physics Department



SCHAAF, WILLIAM Ph.D.
*No matter how dumb the Lower
 Cs are
 He hides his wrath behind a cigar.*
 Mathematics Department



BANISTER, SETH W. B.S.
*Not by words uttered each day
 Can you slide the right way.*
 Physics Department



CARRIE, RENE M.A.
*Mild and meek. Tho' on occasion
 Gets mad enough to raise a nation.*
 Mathematics Department



COEN, EDWARD T. A.B.
*O'er broken test tubes does he
 mourn,
 And wakes to find half the class
 gorn.*
 Physics Department

ROTHMAN, IRWIN W. B.S.
*For a while was handicapped
 With sore throat, when the juses
 snapped.*
 Mathematics Department

SALVATORE, PAUL J. A.B.
*Gets what he wants, whate'er the
 choice
 By booming power of his voice.*
 Supervisor, Rom. Lang. Dept.

HURWITZ, SOLOMON M.A.
*Smart, fast, very dynamic,
 Yet could not well be called
 titanic.*
 Mathematics Department

ROUGIER, FRANCIS L. Ph.D.
*With plane geom. and solid too,
 He demonstrates "French point of
 view".*
 Romance Languages Department

MACWEN, DUNCAN M. B.S.
*Who vigorously the golf ball
 socks,
 And parades the school with wavy
 locks.*
 Mathematics Department

TROY, WILLIAM B.A.
*We know he only makes believe,
 But love to see—no, hear him—
 seethe.*
 Romance Languages Department





DAMBAC, THEOPHILE B.esL.
*Concerns himself in doing good,
 As gullible is understood.*
 Romance Languages Department



SAMMARTINO, PETER M.A.
*A second Maurice Chevalier
 Commands repentance day by day.*
 Romance Languages Department



PEI, MARIO A. A.B.
*With voice of rippling, liquid tones,
 He never to our knowledge drones.*
 Romance Languages Department



BURG, WILLIAM M.D.
*Large and looming, with big brass
 lungs,
 He drives in hygiene, hammer 'n
 tongs.*
 Supervisor, Hygiene Department



MARTEL, JOSE M.A.
*A stern but seville Spaniard, sir,
 A leader of the Arista.*
 Romance Languages Department



ANDERSON, E. A. FRANKLIN B.S.
*When upset we've often missed
 him,
 He made so clear the nervous
 system.*
 Hygiene Department

HEFT, DAVID B.S.
*To us of course, it seems a shame,
 That you don't live up to your
 name.*
 Romance Languages Department

CONGER, RAY M.S.
*His classes lis'ning to his story,
 Shine in bright, reflected glory.*
 Hygiene Department

RHODES, SOLOMON A. Ph.D.
*Thru all his classes sings a song,
 "Rhodes to success are very long".*
 Romance Languages Department

SALT, E. BENTON M.A.
*In hygiene daily teaches he,
 With grain of salt must taken be.*
 Hygiene Department

SCHWARTZ, MILTON B.A.
*Zero giver and ten miser,
 To Radio Club is near advisor.*
 Romance Languages Department

KAYSER, GEORGE
*There's no man to student sterner,
 Who's "wounded" by a Bunson
 burner.*
 Physics Department





LONG, DAVID

*With Mr. Conti doth hold court
And both are called the Long and
Short.*

Attendant



RICHTER, AMY M.

*A face cast in a smiling mold,
O'er students has a lasting hold.*

Recorder

CONTI, GAETANO, A.

*Mandate with a body round,
He's scion of the lost and found*
Assistant Attendant



SPENCE, DORALENE M.

*'Bove all your virtues, large,
Miss Spence,
The greatest one is common sense.*
Secretary to the Director

JAMES, MARGARET B.

*Custodian of the Library,
Sways her domain with stern
decree.*

Librarian

ALPERT, YETTA

*A toast to fairest of the fair,
From office work she frees all care.*
School Clerk



SENFTNER, ALEXIS E. Ph.D.

*A large forehead and well combed
hair,
Hides forceful brain and spot
that's bare.*

Mathematics Department

WHYTE, WILLIAM A.

B.S.

*A while ago just "Math
Practitioner"
But now he's turned Police
Commissioner.*

Mathematics Department

SMITH, PHILIP

A.M.

*A long and lanky mathematician,
He's also a renowned statistician.*

Mathematics Department



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Amado Cautón



Dunbar Roman



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Seniors

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The Senior

TO the uninitiated the Senior is described by the one word "self." Self esteeming, self respecting, selfish; he is, to say the least, a not very praiseworthy character. He is overbearing, scornful, and cynical.

Yet, to those who know him, to the undergraduate, the Senior has none of those traits of character which the outsider claims him to have. As the leader in extra-curricular activities, acme of scholarly perfection, paragon of virtues, he is the idol of the lower classmen. All look up to him. He is respected, revered and deified.

For to be a Senior is to be an actor. It is to present two characters to the world, to go through life wearing a mask. And it so happens that in this case neither character presented by the Senior is his true one, or could ever be. For strange as it may seem the Senior is not a type, but an individual. And being an individual he cannot be described in the mass.

But howsoever they may differ, there is one way in which all Seniors are surprisingly alike. That is in their attitude towards the school. Outwardly, this attitude is a depreciating one. To the Senior, Harris appears to be an "old dump"; the faculty, "mugs"; the students, "hams"; and its only praiseworthy act, graduating him.

As a matter of fact the Senior's attitude towards the school is best understood when it is realized that after three years, the place has become a part of him. The realization that its control will soon leave his hands and that lower classmen will take his place is a galling one, and he attempts to minimize his coming loss by depreciating it.

Another explanation for this may be found in the great pride which his coming graduation gives the Senior. Graduation is to him an achievement—the culminating achievement of his life—and he feels proud of it. This pride becomes with him a feeling of superiority. His work is the best. What he has done is unsurpassable. Is it surprising then, that he has nothing but utter contempt for the lowly lower classmen who even attempt to surpass his accomplishments? Is it surprising that he is boasting and egotistical?

But, aside from this, the resemblance between the Seniors ceases. No two are alike. Among them is the strong, silent, man—the class athlete—both liked and liking; the bustling club man; the high-brow, scorned by his fellows and scorning likewise; or, the average fellow, the rank and file of the group. All are Seniors.



R. Schulman



M. Howard



Jess Witches



H. Shanes



M. Miller



G. McDermott



E. Schlesinger



Vic. Bikales



M. Goodman



Henry Block



B. Rappaport



Donald Kern



J. Wolfson



Chas. Ordman



B. Edelman



J. McGuinness



Dan. Hirschl



E. Haspel

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S. Bigman	V. Bikales	J. Binder	S. Blankstein
			
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Seniors

ABRAMS, IRVING Columbia
The Harris fencing team.
Capt. Vars. Fencing; Vars. Fencing; Block "H".

ABRAMS, MELVILLE F. Columbia
Like an electric clock, always running.
Vars. Track (3); Vars. Swim.; Mgr. Track; H.T.T.; Fresh Swim.; Law and Deb. Soc.; Aero Club; Sect. Box, B.B.

ABRAMSON, DAVID C. C. N. Y.
Silence is Golden. Hello Shylock
Glee Club (3); Sect. Deb.; Hatik. "Chronical"; Hatik. Span. French Clubs.

AHRENS, FRED C. C. N. Y.
He isn't so bad when it comes to athletics.
Eng. Rep.; Asso. Ed. "Spectator"; Var. B. B.; Class B. B.; Var. Show Rep.; Ath. Com.; Rally Entertainment.

ALBER, GEORGE C. C. N. Y.
Doesn't even know beams keep the moon from falling.
Law & Deb.; Cur. Hist. Soc.

ARIESSOHN, ARTHUR M. C. C. N. Y.
Ain't he handsome? Of course he's got a car.
T.D. (3); Lib. Sq.; Dramatic, Arts and Letters Soc.

ASKENAS, JOSEPH C. C. N. Y.
Joseph Askenas conducting the first recital of the Philharmonic
Eng. Rep. (2); Orch. (3); Harmonica Band Leader (2); Class Service Pin; Vars. and G. O. Sales; Ed. Sect. Paper (2); Pub. Mgr. Art. Soc.; Art Law and Deb. Soc.

BARROWS, CHARLES C. Columbia
Some musician! Born with drums in his ears and played on the Linoleum at the tender age of three.
Sec. Orch. Orch. (4); Ed. Aero "Beacon"; Aero., Sci., Math., Hatik. Soc.; Sect. Paper.

BIGMAN, STANLEY K. C. C. N. Y.
Why is thy name so deceiving?
French, Law and Deb., Span., Math and Stamp Clubs.

BIKALES, VICTOR W. C. C. N. Y.
*Humorous as you all can see,
Smart, well, not exactly.*
Sec'y. G. O.; Sec'y. Class (5); Var. Soccer; H.A.F.; Vars. Show; Pres. German Club; Class Service Pin; Chmn. Rally, Boatride, Banquet Comm.; Adv. Mgr. "Spectator"; Chmn. Sen. Assembly Comm.; Vars. Swim. Sq.; Class Swim Team; Tri. Soccer; Germ., Fine Arts Clubs.

BINDER, JEROME C. C. N. Y.
Social Director of the Astor
Entertainment (4); Social Funt., Banquet, Rally, Com.; Rally Entertainment; Vars. Soccer; Tri., Soccer; Sect.. Soc. Box.

BLANKSTEIN, SAUL C. C. C. N. Y.
The Stein song of Blank will now be sung by Rudy Vallee.
Vars. Track, Golf Sq.; Class B. B.; Prog. Mgr. Aero Club; Assoc. Ed. and Ed. Aero Chronicle; Aero, Span., Cur. Hist., Stamp and Coin Clubs; C. and G. Sales; Sect. Box., Assoc. Foot., Soccer.

BLOCK, HENRY C. C. N. Y.
*"Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained great titles, who lost no friend".*
Arista; Ed. in Chief C. and G.; Vice-Pres. Class (3); Ed. Bd. "Stadium"; Assoc. Ed. "Spectator"; (4); Eng. Rep. (2); Mgr. Vars. Soc.; Vars. B. B. H. A. F.; H. B. B.; Champ. Class Soc.; Class B. B.; Assoc. Foot. (2); Fresh. B. B., Basketball; Chmn. Ath. (5), Awards (2) Com.; Banquet Com.; Class Numerals, Service Pin; Vars. Show Sales; German Club; Founder Pub. Finance Course.

BRAMSON, MORRIS C. C. N. Y.
An expert on figures - - - not those.
Alg. Team; Math., French, Chess and Check., Law and Deb. Soc.; Sect. Chess, Box., Soc.

BUDOVSKY, ELICK C. C. N. Y.
If he was noisy as he is studious we'd all be deaf by now
Germ. Prize; Pres. Classical Soc.; Vice-Pres. Math. Soc.; Prog. Mgr. German Club; Sr. Pin Com.; Class Deb.; Photo Ed. C. and G.; Bus. Bd., Ed. Bd., in Chief "Der Beobachter"; Capt. Sect. Deb.; Chess and Checker, Eng. Lit. Soc.; Alg. Sq.

BUSLIK, JEROME N. Y. U.
He's our ice (hockey) man.
Adv. Mgr. C. and G.; Vice-Pres. Class; Ath. Com. (4), Awards Com. (2); Mgr. Vars. Soc.; H.A.F.; Vars. B. B.; Fresh. B. B.; Class Champ Soccer; Class B. B., Assoc. Foot.; Ital. Club.



Amado Cantón



A. Chatoff



W. Cohen



J. Curran



Jos. Davis



W. Deitz



Benj. Dissin



Irv. Dodes



J. Dowling



Edw. Dubin



L. Dummit



B. Edelman



J. Feffer



L. Feinstein



W. Fischman



S. Frieman

Seniors

CANTON, AMADO Harvard
His mother calls him sugar because he's so refined.
 Arista; Assoc. Art Ed. C. and G.; Pres. Span. and French Clubs; Vice-Pres. Art Soc.; Sec'y. Stamp and Coin; Junior Newmann; Ed. "Philatelist"; Span. and French Medals; Senior Alcove.

CHATOFF, ALEX C. C. N. Y.
He likes new things. He won't even allow a second hand on his wrist watch.
 Stamp & Coin, German, Camera Clubs.

COHN, WALTER C. C. N. Y.
He ain't afraid of work. He goes to sleep beside it.
 Vars. Lacr.; H. L. T.; Sr. Council; Class Pin Com.; Class Chess; Pub. Mgr. Stamp and Coin Club; Span. Club; Capt. Sect. Chess and Check; Sect. Box., Soc.; Assoc. Foot., Deb.

CURRAN, GEORGE C. C. N. Y.
We never knew Irishmen were sophisticated.
 Vars. Lacr.; H. L. T.; Asst. Mgr. Lacr.; Adv. Bd. C. and G.; Class Soccer; Football, Champ. Sect. Soccer, Football; Tri. Soccer; Vars. Show Sales; Sect. Teams; Cur. Hist.; German, Aero, Stamp and Coin Clubs.

DAVIS, JOSEPH C. C. N. Y.
When he grows up he's going to buy a school and become the principal.
 Pres., Treas. Stamp and Coin Club; German, French, Math., Law and Deb. Soc.

DEITZ, WILLIAM C. C. N. Y.
Oh dark haired youth please tell us why The girls look on and heave a sigh.
 Eng. Rep.; Vars. Track (2); Tri. Track; Social Func., Awards Com.; Cur. Hist. Soc.; Capt. Sect. Box; Sect. B. B., Box., Assoc. Foot. Soc.

DISSIN, BENJAMIN C. C. N. Y.
Full many a gem was born to blush unseen.
 Pub. Mgr. Classical Soc.; T. D., Germ., Stamp and Coin, French Clubs; German Club Play; Sect. Box.

DODES, IRVING C. C. N. Y.
Though he parts his hair in the middle, He's quite a wonder with a fiddle.
 Pres., Pub. Mgr. Math Soc.; Vice-Pres., Pres. Pub. Mgr., Concert Mgr., Orch; Pub. Mgr. Alg. Sq., T. D. (4); Prog. Mgr. Germ. Club; Ass. Ed. "Rostra"; Assoc. Ed. "Beobachter" (2); Glee Club.

DOWLING, JAMES E. C. C. N. Y.
A rainbow man under a blaze of glory.
 Sec'y., Pub. Mgr. Span. Club; French, Span. Jr. New. Clubs; Span., French, Club Rep.; Sect. Box.

DUBIN, EDWARD C. C. N. Y.
He doesn't care for gals with brown eyes. He likes them with greenbacks.
 Humor Ed. C. & G. (2); Humor Ed. "Oracle" (3); Class B. B.; Champ Sect. Soc.; L. A. Banquet Entertainment; Span. Club.

DUMMETT LOUIS F. C. C. N. Y.
Men of few words are the best men.
 French, Glee, Math., Dram., Clubs; Sect. Box.

EDELMAN BERTRAM C. C. N. Y.
On Convent Ave. where peaches grow, There isn't a girl he doesn't know.
 Eng. Rep.; Vars. Track, B. B.; Sports Ed. "Spectator"; Class B. B., Assoc. Foot. Soc.; French, Span. Clubs; Classical and Law & Deb. Soc.; Sect. Ath. Mgr.; Sect. Box.; Assoc. Foot.; Class Numerals; Capt. Senior B. B.

FEFFER, JOSEPH
Never flustered, never hurried, always cool.
 Baseball Squad; Sect. Teams; Dram., Hatik. Soc.

FEINSTEIN, LESTER C. C. N. Y.
Fore! "Bobby" Jones Second.
 Mgr. Vars. Golf; Vars. Golf (4), Ten.; Fresh. B. B.; Alg. Sq.; Math., Science, Classical Soc.; "Rostra"; Sect. Box., Soc., Assoc. Foot., Chess, Deb., Paper.

FISCHMAN, WILLIAM C. C. N. Y.
One club, two hearts, three clubs, three hearts, four clubs.
 Cur. Hist., Classical, Arts & Letters, Germ. Soc.; Ed. Bd. "Rostra"; Sect. Soc.; Vars. Golf.

FRIEMAN, SIDNEY
For he's a jolly good fellow which nobody can deny.
 Eng. Rep.; Class Assoc.; Germ., Cur. Hist., Aero Clubs; Sect. Assoc. Foot., B. B., Box., Soc.

			
Rob. Surey	S. Geller	J. Gerstein	W. Gibson
			
William Glass	M. Glusman	C. Gogolick	R. Goldstein
			
E. O. Golob	M. Goodman	A. Graetz	J. Greenfeld
			
J. Halsband	A. Handelsman	David Hart	E. Haspel

Seniors

FUREY, ROBERT C. C. N. Y.

Fury? Far from it.
Lib. Sq.; C. & G. Rep.; Span. Club; Sect. Teams.

GELLER, SIDNEY C. C. N. Y.

He's all right—the world's crazy.
T. D.; L. C. Vars. Show; Info. Bur.; Span. Hatik.; Eng. Lit. Soc.; Sect. Box.; Deb.

GERSTEIN, IRVING C. C. N. Y.

His ambition in life is to own a delicatessen store.
Sect. Boxball; Deb.; Ass. Foot., Soccer, Punchball; German, Cur. Hist., Dram., Hatik., French Soc.

GIBSON, WILLIAM C. C. N. Y.

For M. G. M.—\$50,000 to write scenerios.
2nd Prize C. & G. Short Story Contest; Winner Eng. Lit. Soc. Short Story Contest; Ass. Ed. "Literary Lantern"; Sect. Box., Soc.; Ed. Sect. Paper; Dram. Soc.; Span., Eng. Lit. Soc.

GLASS, WILLIAM I. C. C. N. Y.

His marks are like fever—they rise so high.
T. D.; Ass. Ed. "Rostra"; Class Non-Ath. Com.; Vars. B. B., Track, Tennis; Champ. Sect. Assoc. Foot. and Box.; Eng. Lit., Hatik. Classical, Stamp & Coin Soc.

GLUSSMAN, MORRIS Columbia

He's our discoverer of the fourth dimension and perpetual motion.
T. D. (4); Vars. Swim. (2); Lacr. (2); H. L. T.; H. S. T.; Fenc. Sq. (3); Fresh. Class Swim. (3); Chess & Check. Club.

GOGOLICK, CHARLES C. C. N. Y.

Owens sufficient golden Silence to be twice a millionaire.
Ass. Ed. "Der Beobachter"; Class Chess Team; Sect. Boxball, Soc., Deb.; Vars. Team Sq.; German, Science, Chess & Check. Clubs.

GOLDSTEIN, ROBERT C. C. N. Y.

An amiable fellow of conscientious, toilsome habits.
Vars. Soc.; H. A. F.; Class Baseball; Sect. Teams; Arista, Awards Comm.; Ger., Classical Soc.

GOLOB, EUGENE O. Columbia

He'll make a hit in the "talkies."
Eng. Rep.; Serv. Pin Comm.; Chmn. Non-Ath. Com. (2); Class Chess; Chess & Check Club; Winner First Prize Biggest News Of The Week Contest, Sect. Deb. Mgr.; Sect. Soccer.

GOODMAN, MELVIN D. C. C. N. Y.

*A debater, author and thinker is he,
In fact, there's nothing he can't be.*
Pres., Class (4); Ed-in-Chief "Stadium"; Mgr. Ed. C. & G.; Assoc. Ed. "Stadium"; Ed. Bd. "Stadium" (2); Assoc. Ed. Handbook; Ed-in-Chief Spectator (3); Sec'y. Law & Deb.; Vice-Pres., Treas. Cur. Hist. Soc.; Ed-in-Chief Forum; Harris Service Pin; Class Service Pin; Ass. Ed. "C. E. C."; Capt. Champ. Class Deb.; Class Deb. (3); Arista, Banquet, Awards, Boat-Ride Comm.; Sect. Teams; Hatik. Eng. Lit., Law & Deb., Cur. Hist. Soc.

GRAETZ, ADOLPH N. Y. U.

Some villain! Cuts classes in correspondence school by mailing empty envelopes.
Circ. Mgr. "Stadium"; Eng. Lit., Law & Deb. Soc.; "Stadium" (3).

GREENFIELD, JONAS C. Columbia

The cream in her coffee.
Eng. Rep.; Vars. Track, B. B.; Capt. Sect. B. B., Box., Soc., Assoc. Foot.; Fresh. B. B.; Cur. Hist., Hatik. Soc.

HALSBAND, ISIDORE Columbia

Contemporary of Drieser, Shaw and Nick Carter.
Pres. Soc. Arts & Letters; Pres. Eng. Lit.; Vice-Pres. Dram. Soc.; Pub. Mgr. Eng. Lit.; Prog. Mgr. Dram. Soc.; Ed-in-Chief "Literary Lantern"; Sect. Deb.; Cur. Hist. Soc.

HANDELSMAN, ARTHUR N. Y. U.

From short pants to Senior.
Vars. Track Sq.; Fresh. Track; Ed-in-Chief "The Chessmate"; Classical Soc.; Span. Club; Sect. Box.

HART, DAVID C. C. N. Y.

Davey's got a "Hart" of gold.
Vars. Lacr., Track; Eng. Rep.; Class Track, Baseball, Soccer, Teams; Tri. Soccer; Chmn. Ath. Comm.; Const. Comm.; Stamp & Coin Club.

HASPEL, EFRY Georgia Tech

What a Math student. 2 Pints determine a crooked line.
Sr. Council; Tri. Soc.; Vars. Show; Germ., Hatik., Math Clubs; Capt. Sect. Chess; Sect. Deb., Box., Soc.

			
Irving Horn	Leroy Horne	M. Howard	J. Isaacs
			
B. Jacoby	R. Kaplan	M. Karpel	Harvey Katz
			
J. Kautman	C. Kensler	Donald Kern	E. Kerner
			
A. Klatzkin	L. Klein	H. Kommel	H. Krashes

Seniors

HORN, IRVING C. C. N. Y.
The inspiration for a two-seated roadster.
 Capt. Vars. Track; Vars. Track (3); Class
 Track; Assoc. Foot.; B. B.; Ath. Mgr. Sect.;
 Sect. B. B.; Box.; French, Span. Clubs.

HORNE, LEROY U. of Chicago
A Rab Rab boy.
 Cheer. Sq.; Vars. Sales; C. & G. Sales.;
 Cur. Hist. Soc.; Y. M. C. A.; Sect. Deb.,
 Box.

HOWARD, MYRON U. of Penn.
Lord Myron of Howard.
 Eng. Rep.; Germ. Club; Law & Deb. Soc.;
 Sect. Box.; B. B.; Assoc. Foot.

ISAACS, FREDERICK C. C. N. Y.
A bundle of wisdom??
 Span., Chess & Checker Clubs; Arts & Letters
 Soc.

JACOBY, BURTON Penn State
He loves athletics, like chess and checkers.
 Ass. Mgr. Vars. Soccer; H. A. F.; Bus. Bd.
 C. & G.; Vars. Track Sq.; Ed. Bd. "Spectator";
 Entrance Exam Comm.; Pub. Mgr. Cur. Hist.
 Soc.; French Club; Sect. Box., Assoc. Foot.,
 Soccer, Chess & Checkers, Paper.

KAPLAN, RUBIN C. C. N. Y.
*French student parfait. Any teacher's
 Waterloo.*
 Vars. Show; German Club (3); Sect Box;
 Soccer.

KARPEL, MARTIN C. C. N. Y.
*One of the Orange boys. "Orange going
 to lend me your homework."*
 C. & G., Vars. Show Sales; Glee, Aero, Sci.
 Clubs; Sect. Box., Soc., Deb.; T. D. (3);
 Math Club.

KATZ, HARVEY U. of Michigan
What sorority will you join?
 Vars. Ten. Sq.; Vars. Show Sales; C. & G.
 Sales; Alg. Sq.; Class Chess; Entrance Exam
 Com.; Math., Law & Deb., Stamp & Coin,
 Chess & Check., Ital., Hatik., Soc.; Sect. Box.,
 B. B., Soc. Deb.

KAUFFMAN, LOUIS C. C. N. Y.
Ajax? No, not him.
 Inf. Bur.; Aero, Cur. Hist., Math. Soc.; Vice-
 Pres. Sect. Eng. Club; Sect. Soc., Box., Assoc.
 Foot.

KENSLER, CHARLES A. C. C. N. Y.
*The answer to Diogenes search—an honest
 man.*
 C. & G., Vars. Show Sales; Entrance Exam
 Com., Sect. Box., B. B., Soc., Assoc. Foot.,
 Deb.

KERN, DONALD Q. Madrid
The original Don Q.
 Assoc. Ed. C. & G.; Ed., Assoc. Ed. "Spec-
 tator"; Sr. Council; Ass. Mgr. Track Team;
 Track, B. B. Sq.; Orch.; French, Cur. Hist.,
 Dram. and Law & Deb. Soc.; Sect. Box.,
 Assoc. Foot., Chmn. Social Funct. Com.;
 Assoc. Ed. "Rostra."

KERNER, EDGAR Harvard
High, wide and handsome.
 Class Numerals; Class B. B., Foot., Swim.,
 Soccer; Vars. Soccer, Track B. B. Squads;
 Vars. Chess; Sect. Teams; (2); Ed. Sect.
 Paper; Chess & Checker, C. E. C. Clubs;
 Sec'y. Sect. Eng. Club.

KLATZKIN, ARTHUR S. C. C. N. Y.
If anyone kin, Klatzkin.
 Founder Dram. Soc.; Vice-Pres., Prog. Mgr.,
 Pub. Mgr. Dram. Soc.; Eng. Lit., Dram,
 Germ. Science Soc.; Lib. Sq.; Dram. Soc.
 Play.

KLEIN, LOUIS C. C. N. Y.
Keep that school girl complexion.
 Germ., Hatik., Cur. Hist., Sci., Stamp & Coin,
 Arts & Letters Soc.; Sect. Soc. Box.

KOMMEL, HERBERT C. C. N. Y.
*His mother calls him sugar because he's
 so refined.*
 Stamp & Coin Club; Sect. Box., Deb.

KRASHES, H. STANLEY C. C. N. Y.
*He refused to allow a pun on his last
 name.*
 Vars. Track Sq.; Capt. Sect. Box.; Sect. Box.,
 Soc., Assoc. Foot.; Span. Club.

			
H. Lavine	M. Leavy	K. Lehmann	A. Lopez
			
O. Levine	Sid. Mark	P. Martin	M. Maybruck
			
G. McDermott	J. McGuiness	J. Meltzer	N. Mescia
			
M. Miller	R. Millstein	V. Montalbano	Moldauer

Seniors

LAVINE, HAROLD Columbia
*Who doth not know Lavine—
 He who in literary fame doth shine.*
 Assoc. Ed. C. & G.; Ed.-in-Chief., Assoc. Ed.
 "Spectator"; (5); Class, Fresh., Vars. Swim.
 (6); H. S. T.; Capt. Class Deb.; Class Serv.
 Pin; "Stadium"; Law & Deb. Soc.; Ed.
 "Forum"; Fencing Sq.; Class Deb. (4).

LEAVY, MORTON L. C. C. N. Y.
*A track man. Still he can't get away
 from work.*
 Vars. Track (3), Ten; C. & G. Sales;
 S. S. R. C.; Entrance Exam. Com.; Eng.
 Lit. (2); Dram., Classical, Cur. His. Soc.;
 Sect. Box., Soc., Assoc. Foot.

LEHMAN, KURT, JR. Brown
*"Don't be an ass."
 By Kurt Lehman*\$5.00
 C. & G.; Class Serv. Pin; Class Deb. (2);
 "Spectator"; Eng. Rep.; Prog. Mgr. Law &
 Deb.; Ass. Ed. "Forum"; Eng. Lit. Soc. Ed.
 "Literary Lantern"; Ger. Club; Tri. Chess.

LOPEZ, AUGUSTO C. C. N. Y.
*If brains were gasoline, you'd be an empty
 filling station.*
 Harmonica Band; Var. Cheering Sq.; Stamp
 & Coin Club.

LEVINE, OSCAR C. C. N. Y.
Varsity bat-boy.
 Vars. B. B., Soc. Sq.; Champ Class Soc.;
 Class B. B., Assoc. Foot.; Aero, Cur. Hist.,
 French, Math., and Span. Clubs.; Assoc. Ed.
 "Aero Chronicle"; Sect. Box.

MARK, SIDNEY C. C. N. Y.
*He's all right in a way, but he doesn't
 weigh much.*
 Vice-Pres. S. S. R. C.; S. S. R. C. (2); Info.
 Bur.; Entrance Exam. Com.; C. & G. & Vars.
 Show Sales; L. C. Class Show; Harmonica
 Band; Stamp & Coin, Ger., Aero Clubs; Sect.
 Box. Deb.

MARTIN, PETER C. C. N. Y.
*Did you ever here Pete go "Tweet-tweet-
 tweet" on the piccolo?*
 Class Assoc. Foot.; Classical Soc.; Ger. and
 Science Clubs.

MAYBRUCK, MILT C. C. N. Y.
*He must be a chess player or a (cop),
 he's always telling us to move.*
 Lieut. T. D.; T. D. (4); S. S. R. C.

McDERMOTT, GEORGE C. C. N. Y.
Gentleman, Athlete and Scotchman.
 Leader Arista; Pres. G. O.; Sec'y. Arista;
 Vice-Pres. G. O.; Vice-Pres. Class; Vice-Pres.
 Newman Club; "Stadium"; Sports Ed. C. &
 G.; Capt. Var. Soccer; Block "H"; H. A. F.
 (2); Var. Soccer, Lac.; T. H. H. Service Pin;
 Class Service Pin; Class Numerals; Eng.
 Rep. (3); Chmn. Class Awards Com.; Ath-
 letic, Boat Ride, Commencement Com.

McGUINNESS, JOSEPH Fordham
One classmate we're proud of.
 Eng. Rep. (2); Asst. Mgr. Vars. B. B.; Vars.
 Show Rep.; C. & G. Rep.; S. S. R. C.; Pub.
 Mgr. S. S. R. C.; Treas. Jr. Newman Club;
 Fenc. Sq.; Span. Club; Sect. Paper, Deb.

MELTZER, JULIUS C. C. N. Y.
*Boy you're some swimmer,
 Your going leaves Harris much dimmer.*
 Vars. Swim. (6); Mgr. Vars. Swim. (2);
 Block "H"; (2); H. S. T.; Numerals; Fenc.
 Sq. (3); Rep. Swim. (3); Mgr. Fresh. Swim.;
 German, Cur. Hist. Soc.

MESCIA, NICHOLAS St. Johns
When a fellow needs a friend, here's one.
 Vars. B. B. Sq.; Y. M. C. A., Dram. Soc.;
 Sect. B. B., Box,

MILLER, MORTON Columbia
*A gentleman in the true sense of the
 word.*
 Eng. Rep. (2); Chmn. Pin Com.; Reunion
 Com.; Alg. Sq.; C. & G., Vars. Show Sales;
 Classical, Eng. Lit., Science Soc.; Arista
 Record Com.; Sect. Box. Soc., Assoc. Foot.;
 Deb., Chess.

MILLSTEIN, RICHARD U. of Nevada
*A disciple of Horace Greely, "Going
 West."*
 Sect. Deb., Box, Entertainment Com.; Span.,
 Aero Clubs; Eng. Lit. Soc.

MONTALBANO, VINCENT N. Y. U.
Future President of Italy.
 Vice-Leader Arista; Vice-Pres. G. O.; Pres.
 Class (2); Eng. Rep.; Class Service Pin;
 Election Com.; Newman, Italian Clubs; Sect.
 Chess and Checker.

MOLDAUER, HARRY C. C. N. Y.
*His ties . . . His eyes . . .
 The answer to an old maid's prayer.*
 Harmonica Band; Hatik., Cur. Hist. Soc.

			
J. Munzinger	Les. Narins	Chas. Ordman	J. Orgel
			
Nathan Oris	N. Podolsky	Harry Press	Paul Rabut
			
H. Racoff	B. Rappaport	M. Rein	Edw. Rogers
			
D. Roman	A. Rosen	H. Rosenberg	M. Rothlein

Seniors

MUNZINGER, JOHN C. C. N. Y.

Buddy Rogers makes money—how about it Manzy?

B. B. Sq.; Vars. Show Sales; Capt. Sect. Soc.; Sect. B. B., Assoc. Foot.; Deb.; C & G. Sales, Fine Arts, Stamp & Coin Sec.

NARINS, LESTER Wisconsin U.

*Serenely full of epicure, can say
Fate cannot harm me; I've dined today.*

Vars. Swim. (2); Lacrosse (2); L. H. T.; Frosh Swim. (2); Lib. Sq. (5); Vars. Show; Class B. B.; Sect. Chess; Paper; Boxball; Dram.; French, Aero, German Clubs.

ORDMAN, CHARLES Yale

*When he doth speak unto his lady fair,
His cheeks do match his auburn hair.*

Treas. Arista; Chief T. D.; Ser. Del. G. O.; Class G. O. Rep. (2); T. H. H. Serv. Pin; Lieut. T. D.; T. D. (6); Vars. Lacr. (2); H. L. T. (2); Eng. Rep.; Lib. Sq. (6); S. S. R. C.; Chairman Non-Ath., Serv. Pin Com.; Vars. Show Sales; Capt. Class Swim.; Fresh. Swim.; Germ. Club; Sect. Box., Soc., Assoc. Foot.; Ed. Sect. Paper.

ORGEL, JEROME C. C. N. Y.

*All great men are dead or dying. He
doesn't feel so well.*

Pin Com.; Hatik., Classical, Eng. Lit. Soc.

ORIS, NATHAN Fordham

Here's one boy who will get along.

Harris Serv. Pin; G. O. Club Del. (2); Lib. Sq. (2); Class Council; T. D.; S. S. R. C.; Inf. Bur.; Vars. Show Rep (3); Chmn. G. O. Club Comm.; G. O. Non-Ath. (2); Rally & Social Funct. Comm.; Eng. Lit., Cur. Hist., Hatik. Soc.; Pres., Vice-Pres., Pub. "Forum"; Station "C. E. C."; Mgr. Law & Deb. Soc.

PODOLSKY, MORTIMER C. C. N. Y.

Another rah-rah boy.

Vars. Cheer. Sq.; Classical Soc.; Harmonica Band; Sect. Box.

PRESS, HARRY A. C. C. N. Y.

*As a Freshman young and sung,
As a Senior old and stung.*

Vice-Pres. Class; Vars. Cheer. Sq.; Sec. B. B.; Box.

RABUT, PAUL C. C. N. Y.

*Each day we see him a brush in hand
Painting a scene of some fairy land.*

Assoc., Ass't. Art Ed. C. & G.; Pres., Sec'y. Aero Club; Capt., Lieut. T. D.; T. D. (5); Sec'y. Art Soc.; Pub. Mgr., Spanish Club; Ed.-in-Chief, Assoc. Ed., "Aero Beacon"; "C. E. C."; "Spectator"; "Collector" (2); Sect. Deb. (2); Class Show; Class Deb. Comm.; Spanish, French, Aero, Cur. Hist., Art., Science Clubs.

RACOFF, HERBERT C. C. N. Y.

Still water runs deep.

Eng. Lit., Law & Deb. French, Germ., Cur. Hist. Soc.; Exam. Recorder; Sect. Box., Assoc. Foot.

RAPPAPORT, BERT C. C. N. Y.

Our perennial candidate for Treasurer.

Arista; Treas. G. O.; Ass't. Treas. G. O.; Treas. Class (6); Harris Serv. Pin.; Class Serv. Pin; Commencement, Sr. Function, Sr. Week, Arista, Entertainment, Rally, Boat-Ride, and Pin Comm.; Art Ed. "Spectator" (3); Ed. Bd. "Spectator"; G. O. Sales; T. D.; Pub. Mgr. Cur. Hist. Soc.; Ed.-in-Chief, Assoc. Ed. Cur. Hist. Soc. Paper; Law & Deb., Eng. Lit., Cur. Hist. Soc.

REIN, MELVIN C. C. N. Y.

Small in fame as well as in name.

C. & G. Sales; Vars. Show Sales; Stamp & Coin, Germ., Chess & Checkers, Hatik., Cur. Hist. Soc.; Sect. Box., Deb., Chess, Soc.

ROGERS, EDWARD W. C. C. N. Y.

Height above everything.

B. B., Lacr. and Ten. Sq.; Fresh. B. B.; Aero, French, Law & Deb. Soc.; Sect. Soc., Box., Assoc. Foot.

ROMAN, DUNBAR C. C. N. Y.

*He handles the brush with great ease,
He's our artiste de luxe if you please.*

Art. Ed. C. & G., Art Staff C. & G. (3); Art. Soc. (5); Art. Ed., Humor Ed. "Spectator"; Vars. Show; Fenc. Sq.; Span., Dram. Clubs.

ROSEN, ABE C. C. N. Y.

How long O Catiline?

How long? About 6 feet.

Lieut. T. D.; T. D. (5); Sect. Chess & Checkers, Box.; Stamp & Coin, Cur. Hist. Soc.; S. S. R. C.; Info. Bur.

ROSENBERG, NORMAN C. C. N. Y.

A rival to the Sphinx,

Never does or says anything.

Sect. Box.; Eng. Lit., Stamp & Coin, Cur. Hist., Science, Aero Clubs.

ROTHLEIN, MARVIN C. C. N. Y.

The class must be good. He's in it,

Var. Cheer. Sq.; Aero, Science Clubs.



Geo. Rubin



L. Ruderfer



J. Ruffman



P. Saphier



E. Schlesinger



D. Schoenbrun



S. Shoenthal



B. Schwaid



I. Schwarz



S. Schweitzer



W. Seidenberg



L. Shapiro



H. Shanes



A. Schlaiffer



K. Shorter



H. Weinberger

Seniors

RUBIN, GEORGE C. C. N. Y.
Thy silence becomes thee.
Class Swim. Team.

RUDERFER, LEONARD Annapolis
"Aye, Aye Sir."
Prog. Mgr. French Club; Club Del. Germ. Club; Glee Club; C. & G. Sales; Class Arista Com.; Mgr. Sect. Box; Vars. Sales; Law & Deb. Soc.; Entrance Exam. Com.; Sect. Soc.; Assoc. Foot.

RUFFMAN, ISAAC C. C. N. Y.
A rough man.
Tri. Soccer; Class Chess; Sect. Box. Soc.; Ass. Foot.; Checker, Hatik., Cur. Hist., Chess & Checkers Soc.

SAPHIER, PETER C. C. N. Y.
He reads a "pony" for supplementary readings in Latin.
Capt. Sect. Chess; Sect. Box.; Harmonica Band.

SCHLESINGER, EDWARD Columbia
*A man of breeding, brain and mirth,
We know that he will prove his worth.*
Arista; Assoc. Ed. "Stadium"; Ed. B'd. "Stadium"; Class Serv. Pin; Sec'y. Class; Eng. Rep. (3); G. O. Sales; Vars. Show Sales; Chairman Commencement Com.; Ban., Boat., Constit. Deb., Entertainment Com.; Class Deb.; Capt. Sect. Deb. (3); Ed. B'd. "Spectator"; Sec'y. Law & Deb. Soc.; Eng. Lit. Soc.

SCHOENBRUN, DAVID F. C. C. N. Y.
*Poor little boy, Oh, unkind fate!
To make his average but ninety-eight!*
Fresh. Basket-Ball; Capt. Sec. Deb. (2); Sect. Deb. (4); Dram. Soc.; Ed. "Dramatist."

SHOENTHAL, SIDNEY C. C. N. Y.
The wrong man for the right job.
"Stadium"; Circ. Mgr. C. & G.; Vars. Show (2); Dram., Chess & Checker, Cur. Events Soc.

SCHWAID, BENJAMIN Columbia
Success is bound to come to him who works faithfully.
Vice-Pres. Science Club; Sect. Soccer, Box-ball; Cur. Hist., French, Ger., Hatik. Soc.

SCHWARTZ, LESTER S. C. C. N. Y.
*Altho' he does not reach for peaks,
His willing help most always speaks.*
Cur. Hist., Fine Arts, Germ., Aero. Soc.; Capt. Sect. Punch.; Sect. Assoc. Foot., Box., B. B., Harris Handball Sq.

SCHWEITZER, SEYMOUR C. C. N. Y.
A child of the sunny Alps.
Cur. Hist., French Clubs; Sect. Box., Assoc. Foot.

SEIDENBERG, WILLIAM C. C. N. Y.
Not a Socialist but still a soap box orator.
Pres. Hatik. Soc.; Vice-Pres. Law & Deb. and Eng. Lit.; Assoc. Ed. "Forum"; "Chronicle" (4); Class Deb. (3); Lib. Sq. (5); Vars. Show, C. & G. Rep.; Lit. Ed. C. & G.; Sect. Deb.

SHAPIRO, LEONARD Columbia
Don't be fooled by his long pants
Hatik., Cur. Hist. Soc.; Sec. Chess (2); Deb.; Exam Recorder.

SHANES, HERBERT N. C. C. N. Y.
*Fire! We scream. We're never right,
It's only his red hair coming in sight.*
Eng. Rep. (2); Bus. B'd. C. & G.; Vars. Lacr.; H. L. T., Vars. Show Sales (2); Class B. B. (2); Soccer Sq.; Cap. & Mgr. Sect. Box.; Sect. Deb.; German, Eng. Lit. Stamp & Coin, Hatik. Clubs.

SHLAIFER, ARTHUR C. C. N. Y.
*He may be bashful, he may be shy,
But believe me his marks are high.*
Vice-Pres. Hatik. Soc.; Harris Rep. I. L. J. Y.; Hatik. (6), Cur. Hist., Classical, Arts & Letters, Science, Dram. Soc.; Sect. Soc.

SHORTER, KENNETH L. C. C. N. Y.
*What Ken kenneth few of us ken,
Yet Ken wieldeth a very wicked pen.*
Glee Club; Math. Club; Section Box.

WEINBERGER, HOWARD Columbia
Bill Tilden's only rival.
Capt. Vars. Ten.; Vars. Swim. (4); Block H; H. S. T., H. T. T.; Ass't. Sports Ed. C. & G.; Fresh. Swim.; Vars. Ten. (2); Sr. Council; Bus. Bd. C. & G.



R. Schulman



A. Silverman



L. Smith



J. Sohn



J. Sonkin



A. Spielberg



H. Spielman



Wil. Spiro



D. Stavisky



W. Sternig



W. Sturner



R. Tolins



J. Treen



W. Van Roosbroeck



S. Wachtel



S. Waldman

Seniors

SHULMAN, ROBERT Columbia
And you got 99 in Solid.
 Class Ed. C. & G.; Class French; Vars. Swim.;
 Treas. Law & Deb.; Assoc. Ed. "Spectator";
 Sr. Council; Vars. Show and C. & G. Rep.
 (2); C. & G. Staff (2); Fresh. Track; Staff
 "Forum"; Classical, Law & Deb. Soc.; Sect.
 Deb.

SILVERMAN, ALLEN Fordham
*Going up! He keeps a telescope with
 him to see when he needs a shine.*
 C. E. C., French, Eng. Lit., Camera Clubs;
 Harmonica Band.

SMITH, LEON X. Cornell
*He couldn't sell boxing gloves to cow
 punchers.*
 Vars. Soccer; H. A. F.; Tri. Soccer; Lacr.
 Sq.; Class B. B.; Assoc. Foot.; Germ., Classi-
 cal, Arts & Letters, Cur. Hist. Soc.

SOHN, ISRAEL C. C. N. Y.
Running for fame.
 Vars. Track (5); Class Chess & Checkers
 (3); Info. Bur.; Pub. Mgr. Math Club; Germ.,
 Sci., Chess & Checker Soc.; Sect. Chess

SONKIN, ISIDORE C. C. N. Y.
Never do today what you can do tomorrow
 Orch. (6); Class B. B.; Sect. Ath. Mgr.;
 Sect. Box., Assoc. Foot.

SPIELBERG, AARON C. C. N. Y.
Conscientious and sincere.
 Hatik. Soc.; Chess & Checker, Aero, French
 Clubs.

SPIELMAN, HAROLD C. C. N. Y.
You'll learn how to dance, don't worry.
 Entrance Exam. Com.; Sect. Deb. (4); Eng.
 Lit., Law & Deb. Soc.

SPIRO, WILLIAM Columbia
Step right up and call me speedy.
 Recorder, Lieut. T. D.; Vars. Show Sales;
 Del. T. D.; Entrance Exam Com.; Science,
 Cur. Hist. Soc.

STAVISKEY, MORTON Columbia
*We give him up — he takes Hygiene
 seriously.*
 Inf. Bur.; Hatik. Science, Aero Clubs; Sect.
 Box.

STERNIG, MARTIN C. C. N. Y.
*What would the Orchestra do without
 you?*
 Orch. (5); Fresh. Swim.; Cur. Hist. Soc.;
 Sect. Deb., Box.

STURNER, WILLIAM C. C. N. Y.
*Did you ever hear Pete go tweet, tweet
 On his piccolo? Well, he plays the violin.*
 Orch. (6); Sec'y-Treas. Classical Soc.; Stamp
 & Coin, Science Clubs.

TOLINS, RICHARD Cornell
*He held her tenderly in his arms and many
 times he kissed her.*
*She cooed and gently asked for more—
 his little baby sister.*
 Dir. Inf. Bur.; Ass. Adv. Mgr. & Adv. Staff
 "Stadium"; Vars. Lacr. (2); Swim. (2);
 Fresh. Swim.; Inf. Bur. (2); Class Swim.;
 Chess (3); Deb.; Vars. Show; Chess & Check.
 Club; Sect. Chess Team (2).

TREEN, JEFFERSON C. C. N. Y.
Mutt and Jeff.
 Inf. Bur.; Span., Science, Law & Deb., Aero
 Soc.

VAN ROOSBROECK, WILLY Columbia
"Il Penseroso."
 Arista; Pres. Science Club; Sec'y-Treas. French
 Club; Eng. Rep.; Sect. Deb.; Aero, Spanish,
 Math., Chess & Checker Clubs.

WACHTELL, STANLEY C. C. N. Y.
Stanley rides well thru his Latin courses.
 Class Swim.; Cur. Hist., Math. Soc.; Sect.
 Deb. (2); Box.

WALDMAN, SIDNEY West Point
He'll soon have a girl in every fort.
 Vars. Lacr.; H. L. T.; Ass't. Mgr. Vars.
 B. B.; T. D.; Inf. Bur.; Class Council; Germ.,
 Hatik. Soc.; Vice-Pres. Stamp & Coin Club.



H. Weinstein



M. Weitzman



Jess Witchel



J. Wolfson



W. Zecknowitz



S. Hecker



A. Hertzberg



H. Hirshberg



Dan. Hirschl

Seniors

WEINSTEIN, HAROLD C. C. N. Y.

*You'd think he is a baker's son,
He's so well bred.*

Class Swim.; Fencing Sq.; Sect. Paper; Sect. Box.; Dram. Aero, Hatik Soc.

ZECHNOWITZ, WILLIAM N. Y. U.

*We might rhyme Physics and Zechnowitz
but the two are not friends.*

Lacr., Ten. Sq.; Entrance Exam Com.; Cur. Hist., French Clubs; Sect. Box., Soc. Assoc. Foot.

WEITZMAN, MAX C. C. N. Y.

*The spirit of the income tax—watch his
figure.*

Pres., Sec-Treas. Dram. Soc.; Founder Dram. Soc.; Ed.-in-Chief "Dramatist"; Chess & Check., Eng. Lit.; Fine Arts, Hatik., Law & Deb., Math, Science, Cur. Hist., Stamp & Coin Soc.; Pub. Mgr. Eng. Lit.; Prog. Mgr. Math & Science Clubs; Class Council; Class Deb. (2); Capt. Sect. Deb.; Inf. Bur.; Sect. Soc., Box.; Var. Show Sales.

HECKER, SIDNEY Columbia

*You were fooled. We didn't say anything
about Heck.*

Adv. Bd. C. & G.; Var. Tennis, Golf; Sect. Teams; Pin, Reunion Comm.; Science, Classical, Eng. Lit. Soc.

HERTZBERG, ABRAHAM C. C. N. Y.

Does intelligence depend on food?

Alter. Sec. Class; Ed.-in-chief "Literary Lantern"; Prog. Mgr. Eng. Lit. Soc.; Camera, Spanish, Dramatic Clubs; Sect. Deb.

WITCHEL, JESS L. U. of Southern Calif.

*The kind who exhausts all good adjectives
when one tries to describe him.*

Winner 1st prize Current Events Cont.; Eng. Rep. (2); Senior Ed. C. & G.; Var. Lacr.; H. L. T.; Track Sq.; Ass't. Ed. "Station C. E. C."; Prog. Mgr. Cur. Hist. Club; Eng. Lit., Hatik., German Soc.

HIRSCHBERG, HARRY C. C. N. Y.

Mild yet he satisfies.

Sec'y Eng. Lit. and Math. Soc.; Ass. Ed. "Lit. Lantern"; Eng. Lit., Math. Germ., French, Span. and Dram. Soc.

WOLFSON, JACOB C. C. N. Y.

Facto non verba.

G. O. Rep.; Eng. Rep. (2); Vice-Pres., Pub. Mgr. Classical Soc.; Class Football, Baseball; Champ. Sect. Boxball; Inf. Bur.; T. D.; Sect. Ath. Mgr.; Social Funct.; Sect. Ath. Teams; Classical, Cur. Hist. (2), Stamp & Coin (2), Eng. Lit. Clubs.

HIRSCHL, DANIEL C. C. N. Y.

Not for himself, but for his class.

Arista; Bus. Mgr. C. & G.; Alter. Sec. G.O.; G.O. Rep. (2); Eng. Rep. (2); Tri. Assoc. Foot, Track; Fresh. B. B.; Ath. Mgr. Class; Awards, Eligibility Com.; Bank Cashier; Sect. Soc., Box., Assoc. Foot.

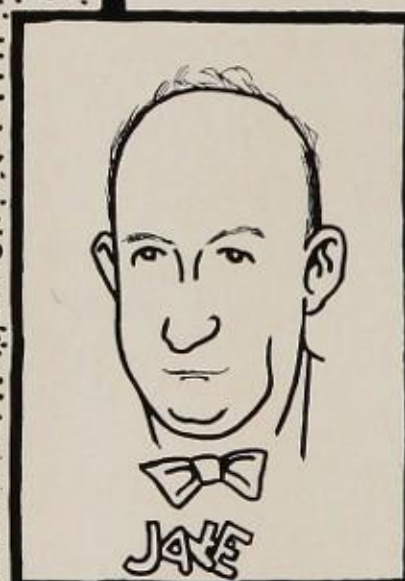
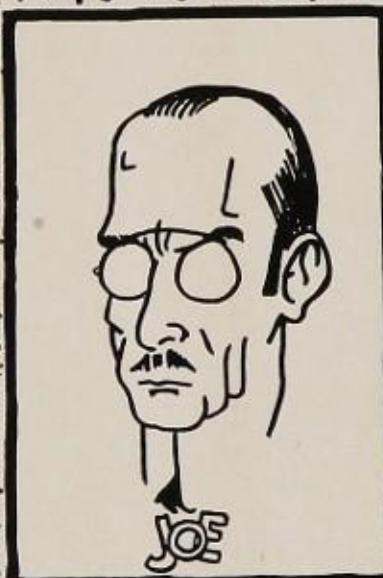
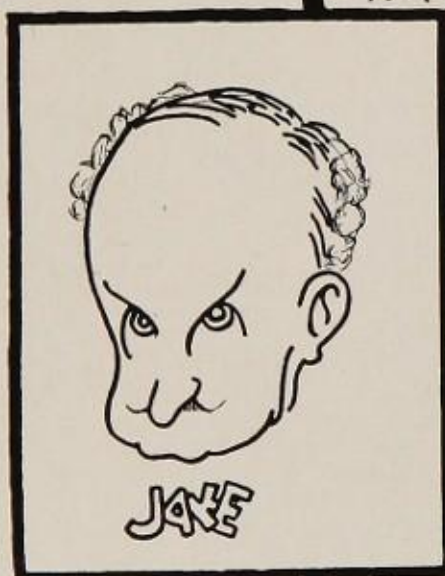
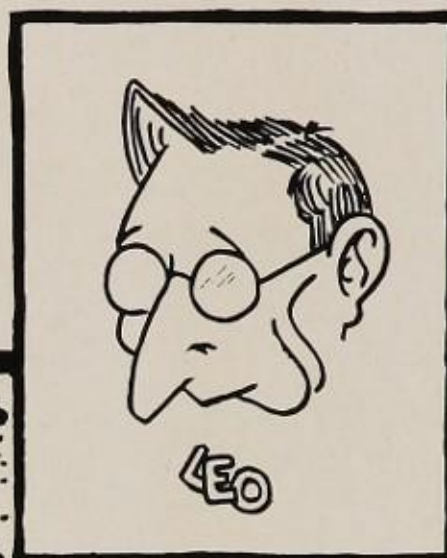
EDWIN F. RAINES C. C. N. Y.

Because of some mystery,

His picture here you cannot see.

Pub. Mgr. Science Club; Asso. Ed. Science Club paper; Sect. Box., Deb., Hatik., Science Clubs.

SAFE & THE BOYS



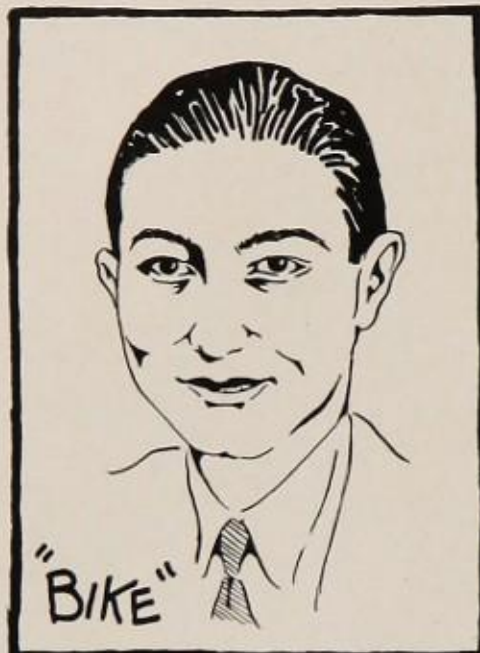
BRIEFER

Faculty Statistics

*Compiled from the ballots cast by the Editorial Board
of the Crimson and Gold*

Most Popular	Jake Landman
Did Most for School	George Falion
Did Most for Class	Leo Canfield — Jake Friedman
Best Athlete	Dave Heft
Finest Personality	Joe Fitzpatrick
Most Capable	Irv Rothman
Most Conscientious	Theophile Dambac
Most Modest	Bill Troy
Most Cynical	Al Senftner
Most Conceited	Al Senftner
Grind	Milton Schwartz
Least Appreciated	Chris Martin
Wittiest	Larry Taub
Handsome	Jimmy Flynn
Best Dresser	Ed Mandeville
Most Brilliant	Jake Landman
Class Pests	Congratulations, Gentlemen of the Faculty
Favorite Newspaper	"N. Y. Evening Graphic"
Favorite Weekly	"Flynn's Detective Stories"
Favorite Monthly Magazine	"True Romances"
Favorite Actress	Nancy Carroll
Favorite Play	"Follies of 1922"

SOME of the GANG



ROMAN
WITH APOLOGIES

Senior Statistics

Compiled from the ballots cast by the Senior Class

Most Popular	Mel Goodman
Did Most for School	Mel Goodman — Scotty McDermott
Did Most for Class	Mel Goodman — Honey Block
Finest Personality	Vincent Montalbano
Best Athlete	Murray Rosenberg
Most Capable	Bert Rappaport
Most Conscientious	Victor Bikales
Most Modest	Jake Wolfson
Most Conceited	Don Kern
Grind	Willy Van Roosbroeck
Least Appreciated	Max Weitzman
Class Wit	Victor Bikales — Don Kern
Handsomest	Arty Arriessohn
Best Dresser	Howie Weinberger
Most Brilliant	Jake Wolfson
Laziest	Hal Lavine
Class Pest	Burt Jacoby
Favorite Newspaper	"New York Times"
Favorite Weekly	"The Nation"
Favorite Monthly Magazine	"The American Mercury"
Favorite Actress	Rudy Vallee
Favorite Play	"Hotel Universe"

IT was only upon the continued exhortations of both parents and physician that we decided to attend, as our first recreation in three years, a performance by Sheepshead, master prestidigitator and medium.

At the theater we were enjoying the spectacle when the time arrived for the trick of the evening. Like all good members of his profession, Sheepshead immediately called for the cooperation of his audience, asking if anyone would allow himself to be put into a trance. Quite accustomed to such a practise after seven terms at Townsend Harris Hall, we volunteered although only after he had promised to bring us back to our old state, which, as we have said, was not much of an improvement.

The agreement being made we immediately got down to business. One tall fellow in balloon pants grabbed us by the neck while another Hindu, wrapped in a patch-work quilt, manhandled us as if we were a package marked "Fragile." In fact, the entire process resembled a physical exam at school, only one didn't have to answer any stupid questions. After they had us straght-jacketed Sheepshead began to mutter something which sounded almost as bad as a first term German student, when

We were roaming the streets of New York, pockets bulging with money, but, at the same time, friendless, forsaken, and with a heart sad in its yearning for the friends we

The Senior

knew at T.H.H. Finally we bought a second hand copy of the "Freiheit," when, much to our disgust, our eyes met an eleven column article written by Henry Block, and illustrated by Dunbar Roman, on the ins and out of the Peruvian sewer system.

Unconsciously, we opened to the feature section but, too lazy to raise our half-closed eyes to the top of the page, we began to read, "And although many Representatives do not realize the true relation of 'What's this' we asked ourselves. Ha! As we thought, Melvin Goodman is writing another dissertation on the 'The Man and His Constituency'."

Desiring something of a lighter vein we decided to see a musical extravaganza. We opened to the theater page and there in bold type, was a dramatic criticism of Bikales' new presentation "Horrrifying the American Girl, with Scotty McDermott."

"Ah, here is the thing" said we breaking into a run. But what's this? Well, well, so this is the Willy Van Rosebroeck Funeral Chapel? And Vincent Montalbano is Social

Prophecy

Director? We always knew those boys would carry out whatever undertaking came their way.

At last, after escaping two trucks and a sedan, we reached the subway station, and receiving the wrong change, we looked up to discover the agent was none other than Bert Rapaport, up to his old tricks.

We began to walk leisurely towards the waiting train, when zowie! Someone from the rear began to pack us in the car. Glancing over our shoulder we noticed Charley Ordman, glimmering from behind a subway guard's badge. No sooner had the train begun when we heard a crash, felt a window pane on our head, and smelled a terrific odor. But as we had expected, it was none other than the playful and industrious Maxwell Weitzman, revolver in one hand and a mixture of sulphur and zinc in the other, trying to determine the respective strengths of each.

In a short time the train arrived at Times Square, and alighting, we proceeded to the street. There, on the corner, was a large crowd in the center of which stood Kurt Lehman,

on a dais by Kirkman, swaying the assemblage with those immortal words, "Step up folks, only a dime, ten cents."

At the theater we were greeted by the flat nasal, "Yeah" of Edward Schlessinger, actually in office. Even if it was only a box office he had still the laugh on Danny Hirsch and Jerry Buslik, who were still running up and down the aisles, searchlights in hands.

In spite of Jerry's difficulty in reading numbers, and, after being ousted from five different places, we finally seated ourselves in the last row of the second balcony. After reading the short story in the program, written, incidentally, by the far-famed William Gibson, we waited for the curtain to rise. What's this? Well we'll be darned, if it isn't Edgar Kerner, premier danseur, and the Amado Canton Girls.

Thus it was that we decided that New York was too far gone. We then boarded a ship, manned by Meltzer and Lavine, of aquatic fame.

We soon became desperately ill, and upon awakening, we thought we were in heaven. But, no, we were merely feasting our eyes on the white garb and angelic features of Jack Wolfson, the ship's steward.

We finally awoke and saw a man, who seemed strangely familiar. It's Sheepshead! No, Sheepshead isn't Sheepshead at all. It is only Don Kern in disguise.

A LETTER FROM THE DIRECTOR

April 17th, 1930

Gentlemen of the Class of June 1930:

The year book of June 1930 will ever hold a unique position in the annals of Townsend Harris Hall, for it will serve to epitomize the activity of our school during the period of its existence that began with the location of the old Free Academy on the present site in 1907. At this time, following the suggestion Dr. John H. Finley, then president of the College, the building occupied by the "Sub-Freshmen" was called Townsend Harris Hall. And now, with the impending removal to 23rd Street, our school is about to turn the page of another chapter in its history. To many alumni of the College of the City of New York the return to the downtown site of the preparatory school will for sentimental considerations appear a most happy move; to Harrisites, separation from the uptown campus cannot fail to bring regrets. But even these regrets should be considerably lessened by the prospects of the very material gains that will be ours in a well-equipped modern school building.

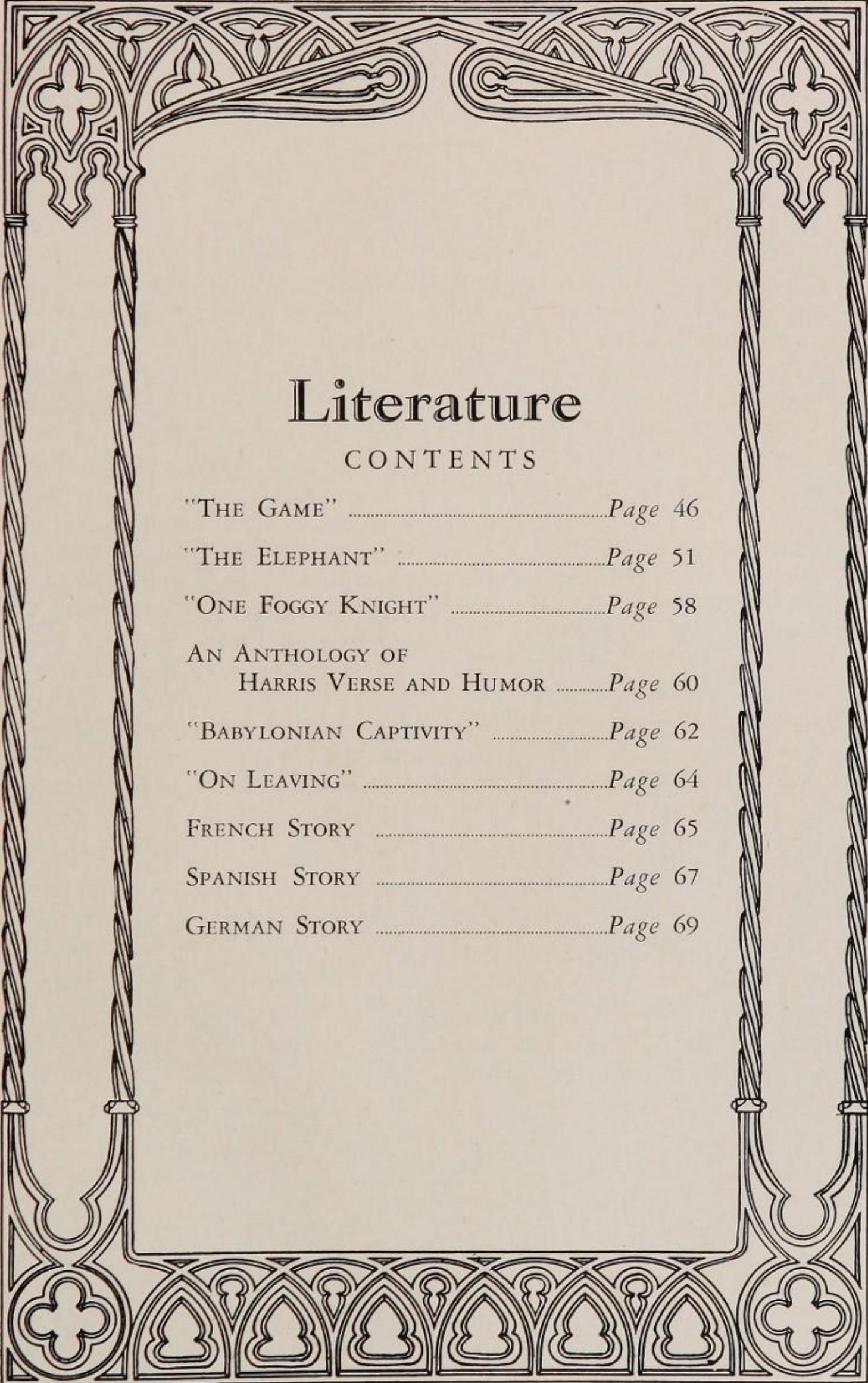
For your Director, too, this issue of Crimson and Gold will always have an unusual significance and will be pleasingly reminiscent of a very happy year of work at Harris. Staff and students have been exceedingly gracious and considerate of the stranger that came among them at the opening of the Fall semester. The honor of being deemed worthy of a dedicatory message is a high one and greatly appreciated. I only trust that I may continue to deserve your good will and respect.

And now to the members of the Class of June 1930, under whose immediate direction is being published this edition of Crimson and Gold may I extend my heartiest good wishes for success in the continuance of your studies. In building the superstructure of your education, we instructors earnestly hope you will find that the foundation stones have been well laid and as you go forth from these halls, that with the poet you can say

"Sometime perhaps it will be a pleasure to remember these things."

Cordially yours,

GEORGE M. FALION,
Director



Literature

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The Game

SHORT STORY CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE

By WILLIAM GIBSON

HE WAS nervous for the first time in his career. He tripped on the ropes as he stepped into the ring, and came near falling. Mechanically, he caught at the fibres with his right hand; and as it was clenched there, he looked at it. That hand had battered down his opponents, won the championship, earned for him the sobriquet of "Thunderbolt." And now it was trembling violently. He had felt shaky all evening. The palms of his hands were wet with perspiration, and his lips were very dry. Occasionally he found himself licking them with his tongue.

Ten minutes before, he had said to his brother: "I'm quitting the fighting game tonight, Jimmy."

"Can you?" said Jimmy.

Could he? Thorne asked himself. Could he break away from the game that had been his livelihood for years—break away with a gesture, like that?

"Of course I can!" he had said confidently. And he realized that when he quit, it would be without the title.

He knew that he would lose tonight's fight. A month ago his brother had stated that in three words. "They all go," he had said, speaking of champions. And Thorne told him that he was crazy, that he, Thorne, was the exception to the rule. But as he clasped his hands

together, and raised them above his head, and acknowledged the crowd's roar of greeting, he knew Jimmy was right. He was not the exception. He would lose to Young Edwards in the coming fight, exactly as Jimmy had predicted. He was too old.

Too old—too old at thirty-four. What a laugh! Well, he was too old for the ring. His wind was no good any longer. His legs got tired after the fourth round. His right didn't have the steam behind it that it had when he'd beaten Morton for the championship eight years ago. Eight years was a long time to keep the heavyweight crown. In eight years he had become an old man. Old at thirty-four! And he laughed again, bitterly.

The referee called him, and he went to the center of the ring and received the final instructions. "No hitting on the break. . ." Old stuff. He had first heard of it years ago. . . years ago. . . He was old, and just beginning to realize it. His entire body and soul were clamoring for youth—a youth he had lost ages back. He had hardly reached his prime, and they were calling him washed-up—and right at that.

Morton must have felt like this the night he fought Thorne. Jimmy had been speaking about him only the other day. What was it he had said? Suddenly Thorne remembered. Mor-

ton was bumming around the city, and but a few days ago had been arrested for vagrancy. "You'd never know him," Jimmy had declared. "He looks like he got the T. B. Pale and thin and sickly. . . ." And then: "Well, they all go. If they don't get out they wind up like Morton. Or else they go bugs. It's a lousy game, this fighting racket. When a man likes it, it's hard for him to quit."

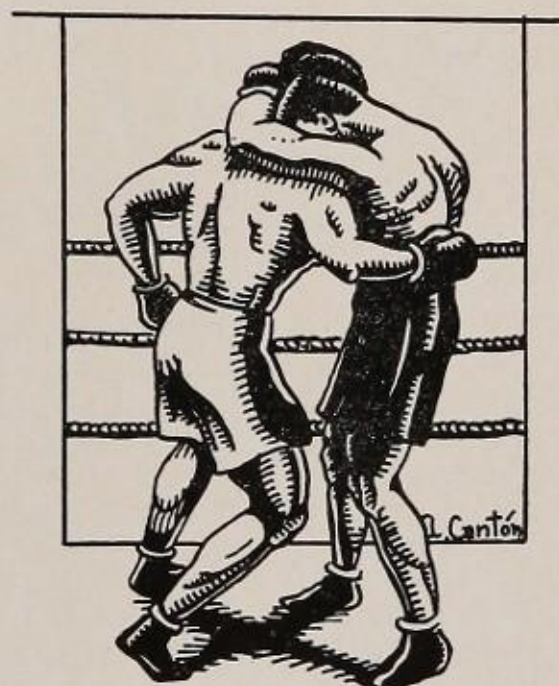
Hard to quit? Well, Thorne wouldn't call it that. In a way, he pitied Morton. Not many of the old-timers left now, he reflected. Well . . . He shrugged. He too was getting old. Morton hadn't had brains enough to get out when he should have. Still, he might have stuck because he liked the game. Thorne liked it in the same way—in spite of all its dirtiness he liked it. He liked it for the clean that was in it, for the fickle crowd that was always for the winner, for the thrill that he got when his blows thudded against the sweaty body of his opponent. He liked it. It was a good game.

But it was a game for young men, and Thorne was no longer young. He was old—too old for the ring. Pitifully old. Soon he would get out—if he could. He didn't know. Jimmy had said he couldn't, and Jimmy was right on a lot of things.

"Don't make me laugh," Jimmy had said. "You quit? You can't. You'll never get out. I tell you, it holds a man who likes it, and makes it damned hard for him to quit. You like it too much for your own good. And you're too old for it. You think you're as fast now as you were a year ago? Or a year before that? Or

another year back? You're used up, and you don't know it. The Thunderbolt!"—scornfully. "Your thunder! You won't beat Young Edwards with it."

And Thorne had said: "Young Edwards!" contemptuously, and laughed. But now he knew Jimmy was right—he wouldn't beat Young Edwards. He could see how the fight would go. First he would force it, chasing Edwards around the ring, shooting his bolt early. And he would lose. Soon he would tire, and be at Edward's mercy, and that would be the end. "They all go," Jimmy had said. He was one of them.



Thorne fell forward into a clinch. . . .

"Ten years—five years from now you'll be hanging around dirty gyms," Jimmy had asserted. "A sparring partner, a prelim-man—that's all you'll be. And people will point you out and say: 'See that? That's Thunderbolt Thorne, ex-heavyweight champ of the world. Sunk kinda low, hasn't he?'"

That was why Thorne wanted to quit the game. Jimmy was right about what would happen to him if he didn't get out. It had happened to Morton. Possibly he, at the last moment, had realized he would be beaten by Thorne, just as Thorne knew now Edwards would win. And possibly he, too, had been troubled, and nervous, and haunted by thoughts of quitting the ring. But he had been greedy. He had lost the title to Thorne, and he would not leave without it. Thorne remembered the attempted come-back very well. Morton had failed in it, and had been pushed further and further down in Life until he reached the bottom, and remained there. Suddenly Thorne saw himself in Morton's place, hesitant, undecided, sinking lower and lower. . . He closed his eyes. If he should travel that road . . . It was inevitable. Were he to stick, he would go that way.

Well, Jimmy had guessed right on a lot of things, but not this one. Thorne was getting out tonight. Win or lose, he would get out. And just as he had made his decision, the bell for the opening round rang.

He was floored for the first time in the fifth. As he came to his feet, he was aware that he was through. It was the beginning of the end. He went down once more before the bell rang, and he walked unsteadily to his corner at the close of the round, his head throbbing. Balls of sweat were rolling down his face and chest, and he welcomed the cool water with which his seconds drenched him. He stretched out his tired legs, rested his aching arms on the ropes beside him, drank in air with great gulps. His

chest was heaving. He was very tired.

He had won the first three rounds because he was the aggressor. Edwards had fought cautiously, feeling Thorne out, tiring him. The fourth had been a draw. It was then that Thorne had first begun to feel the swift, sure weariness that ever assailed him when he went more than three rounds. He had gambled on winning in the early moments of the fight, and had lost it. He was worn out when he got up from his stool for the sixth.

Everything he possessed he had put into his punches in the first three rounds. His mighty right arm had availed him nothing. He was tired, and becoming more so with each passing second. He had not fought so fiercely for five years, and his age was telling on him. He could scarcely lift his hands. For the first time in his life he was tasting defeat. Never had he battled so hopelessly, knowing it was hopeless, and still plodding on with a dull spark of hope in his breast.

The sixth round was torture. He went down thrice, and was actually out the third time, but the bell saved him. One of Edwards' vicious left hooks opened an old cut over his eye, and the blood trickled down and stung him. Edwards hit him squarely on the jaw and knocked him down for the third time. He attempted to pull himself up by the ropes, but he was exhausted, and fell back. He could vaguely hear the referee counting: "Five. . . six. . ." Two seconds later, when the bell rang, he was unconscious.

How he managed to get to his feet

at the opening of the eighth, he did not know. Although his seconds had wiped the blood out of his eye, the cut was still bleeding, and it blinded him. Even now he was clinging to his futile, desperate hope of winning.

Edwards led with his left and shot over his right, throwing Thorne backwards. He stumbled, was spun around by a savage left, and suddenly was floundering around the



Thorne's hands are hanging down at his sides....

ring with Edwards on top of him. The crowd was wild. The radio announcer shouted into his microphone: "Edwards is hitting the champ with everything he has. Thorne's hands are hanging down at his sides, and he is being knocked all over the ring. It's a wonder that his legs keep him up. There! He's down! One. . . two. . . three. . ." Thorne rolled over and shook his head to clear it. He swayed on his knees and crawled to his feet at "seven," and was hurled back by a straight-from-the-shoulder right. Ed-

wards followed him up swiftly, snapping innumerable rights and lefts to his head, pounding at him fiercely. Thorne fell forward into a clinch, but Edwards got one hand free and incessantly hammered at him. He tripped and went to the canvas again. Somehow he got to his feet, staggered from a right cross. He was thrown back against the ropes, rebounded off them, and fell into Edward's left hook. He felt the canvas under his hands and pushed himself up, tears in his eyes.

Edwards met him with a low jab, forced him back with a violent onslaught of lefts, downed him with a furious uppercut. The crowd howled. On the floor Thorne was nearly sobbing. The referee's voice reached his ears. "Six. . . seven. . ." He opened his eyes and found himself staring into the dazzling brilliancy of the light above the ring. He staggered to his feet. He could see nothing. From somewhere a glove shot out and caught him in the mouth, and he went reeling away from it. With his left glove he pried open the lid of one eye. Before him he could dimly see his opponent, and with a choked cry, he stumbled wildly forward. Edwards brought up his right and flung him down again, his face in the resin. At the count of "nine," he was up. He lunged at a blurred figure before him and was stung with a right that rocked him back on his heels. Edwards caught him flat-footed and drove him back against the ropes. A veritable avalanche of punches were crashing down on him. A terrific left was the blow that ended it all. He stiffened, becoming very erect, and the tendons in his neck stood out. And then he slump-

ed. He slid slowly down the ropes and felt them burning his back as he did so; and at last he fell forward and sprawled out at Edwards' feet.



He slid down slowly down the ropes....

The great roar of the crowd shouting filled his ears and made him think of what a cruel game it was. Thank God he was getting out tonight! Everything went black in front of him. . .

When Jimmy entered his dressing room, Thorne was sitting with his head in his hands. He looked up and smiled mirthlessly.

"You were right, Jimmy," he said in a weary voice. "I'm too old for this game. I'm an old man. And so I think I'll get out. . . Still, I don't know. I can fight a bit yet. Maybe I could make a come-back. . ."

"Like Morton's?" said Jimmy smiling faintly.

Like Morton's? Thorne drew a deep breath and looked at his right hand. After all, Morton was Morton, and Thorne was Thorne. And so. . .

"I can quit this game any time I want," he said confidently, deceiving himself to the end. "You were wrong there, Jimmy. But I don't want to, now. I'm not too old for the fighting game. I can come back—I *will* come back. . ."

The game. . .

Finis.

The Elephant

A FANTASY

By HAROLD PRINCE

"And the blind men placed their hands upon the elephant, and each described the animal according to his own impressions."
—*An old story.*

ONCE upon a time in the State of Being there lived a young Poet and a sturdy Peasant. They were friends and neighbors. Their humble huts bordered upon the River of Life, which ran through the country and ended somewhere—one knew not exactly—in a dark and thickly wooded forest.

At the time our story commences Winter was fast retreating before the steady advance of Spring. Along the face of the earth green shoots of grass intruded themselves above the ground. Feathered creatures, winging their way back from the south-land, began to appear upon the branches of the awakening trees, twittering songs of gladness. Even the frogs' discordant symphony gave, appropriately enough, dominance to the note of joy. And, above all earthly things, a brilliant sun shed its rays of warmth.

It was during this season that the Poet awoke one morning to witness the glorious spectacle of the rising sun as it topped the purple mountain, a distance from his hut.

"Ah," he recited, even as he was lying in bed,

" 'Spring, the sweet Spring, is
the year's pleasant king'

Then blooms each thing, then
maids dance in a ring

Cold doth not sting, the pretty
birds do sing,

Cuckee, jug, jug, pu we, to witte
wee.' "

The Peasant chanced to pass by the hut just then, and, knowing the Poet for a man of foolish actions, he thought that the poor Poet had at last taken leave of his senses. Opening the door cautiously, for he feared violence, the Peasant saw his neighbor sitting naked on the bed, gazing rapturously out of the window.

"Why man," he cried, "you can't do that. People pass by here. Besides, you'll get pneumonia."

These words of wisdom had no effect upon the Poet's behavior.

"Now be sensible," pleaded the Peasant, disturbed by his neighbor's silence. "You really *must* put something on."

The Poet slowly turned his head toward the Peasant.

"Are you the harbinger of Spring, bringing with you the sweet song of birds and the pleasant scent of flowers?" he asked, in a low pleasant voice.

"The devil I'm not," the Peasant exclaimed violently. "Now listen here. Lolling in bed till mid-day and singing silly songs about flowers aren't going to mend the holes in your trousers. I like songs myself at times, but you....." Evidently he was disgusted.

"Look at your house," he continued. "It's filthy. Try cleaning it

sometimes. It might do you some good."

The Poet, bewildered, struggled with his trousers, while the other angrily marched off.

For the rest of the morning neither the Poet nor the Peasant sought to engage each other in conversation. The Peasant silently busied himself chopping wood, milking his cows, and watering his plants. All the while, the Poet sat moodily watching his neighbor at work, wishing for an opportunity to resume their friendship, but unwilling to make the first advance. And so he remained seated on his own doorstep, silent, meditative, and almost tearful.

Suddenly the Poet leaped up, his arms outstretched. The Peasant was approaching.

"Now," said the Peasant, "we know each other too well to squabble over these matters."

"Of course," the Poet assented eagerly.

"Well," the Peasant continued, "I'm ready to take my annual pilgrimage, and, for the six hundred and sixty-fifth time: Do you want to go?"

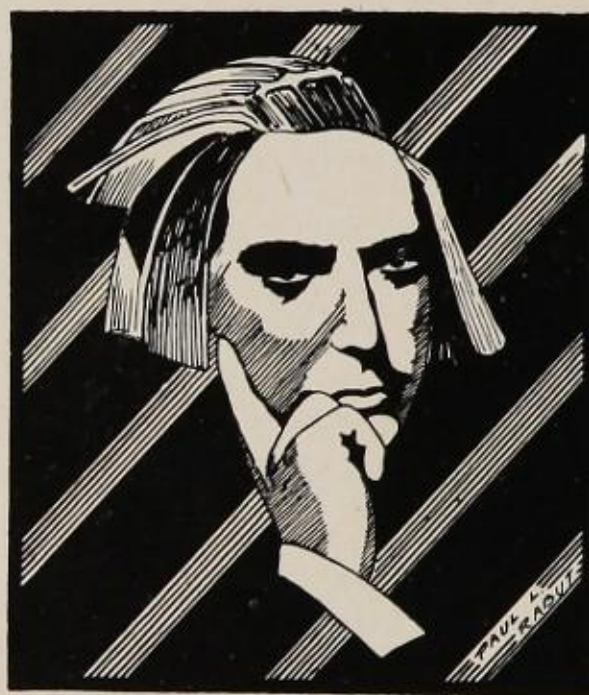
"Oh," exclaimed the other. "I—I really couldn't do that."

"All right," replied the Peasant. Then to the air as he walked away, "It is so foolish. Why he might be as well off as any of us."

Walking and meditating so on his friend's folly, he arrived at length at a large hut, where, meeting a party of friends, he set off on his journey to consult the Oracle of Results, an act strongly followed by the true believers. The Poet, however, was one of the very few who refused to make the traditional pilgrimage. He was

a scoffer, a heretic—a harmless one, to be sure, but, nevertheless, a heretic.

The orthodox were, however, tolerant, not at all given to needless persecution. So, while the others trooped to the Holy City, the Poet was left at home, unmolested and free to do what he chose. Why *should* the orthodox care? Were not their larders filled with the bounty of Results, while those of the Poet were empty? Let him eat the food



....the poet sat moodily....

of his folly! When the good citizens mentally compared their own tables, groaning with fruit and fowl, to the poor and barren tables of the Poet, they inwardly praised the fate that had made them sane and prosperous.

The Holy City loomed high above the surrounding towns and villages. No pilgrim, however insensible to the appeal of art, could help being impressed by the power and beauty of its structures. The city, indeed, represented the perfected product of all that had been contributed by art and science; a product which, in short, represented the harmonious

fusion of the technical and artistic.

Entering the main thoroughfare, the pilgrim came to a long road, flanked on either side by tall, slender, steel structures, whose pointed peaks seemed to pierce the very clouds themselves. In sharp contrast to their taller brothers, low, squat



The Holy City loomed high above the surrounding towns and villages.

buildings occupied the lesser thoroughfares. Everywhere fantastic lights lent their effect to the strange appearance of the city, and, almost always, one could hear above the clamor of the crowd the steady, persistent, and rythmical murmur of machinery.

Situated in the center of the city was a tall, broad building that arrested the attention of all. Well might it, for in this city of wonders, this was the greatest of all. Flying buttresses, rounded domes, Doric columns; Greek, Gothic, and Arabesque architectures—all harmoniously synthesized into a most pleasing and practical structure, the second feature of which was most carefully pointed out in all of the

guide books. This was the Temple of the Oracle.

It was here that the Peasant and his friends came. The Attendant of the Order of Stocks and Bonds greeted them ceremoniously and then ushered them into a high roofed room, pleasingly decorated with red damask curtains that served to exclude even the least ray of sunlight.

The High Oracle was not visible in the deep gloom of the room, but his voice could be heard booming. ".....Indications are that Water Steel will reach a new level; corn appears steady; potatoes up one gulden; wheat declining....."

"The devil!" exclaimed one, "I'll be ruined."

"Merely a temporary depression," whispered the Attendant. "Conditions everywhere are firm and stable."

".....2.6A.C.S. 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ U.P.O. 18....."

The voice soon died away. The pilgrims closed their notebooks, muttered a few traditional sentences, placed a few gulden in the proper receptacles, and then left the room.

Above the street, strings of eating places received daily the pilgrims from the outlying districts. The Peasant and his friends entered one of these, ordered a substantial meal, and diverted themselves for a while watching the dancing girls. Their conversation, however, soon shifted to topics of mutual interest.

"Last year," mumbled one, as he extracted the meat from a chicken bone, "three of my chickens won first prize. That's the kinda meat I like to eat, not this stuff."

"*Three!*" exclaimed another dis-

dainfully. "I raised a whole field of blue ribbon tomatoes."

A murmur of admiration ran around the table.

"Say," said one, "this early Spring is certainly going to be hard on flannel prices."

"You said it," answered still another pilgrim. "Just watch Universal Fleece Underwear take a nice loss."

"That's what I say."

And so through the night.

* * *

Meanwhile the Poet was turning the words of the Peasant over in his mind. Could it be that he was merely a hopeless eccentric? Could his beliefs be no more than illusions? That could not be! And yet in the cramped cities and wide plains the world over there were tributes to and followers of Results, a million of one to one of his.

Perhaps they were blind to real values. Little could be said in such a case. But perhaps it was not blindness but a film of familiarity that closed men's eyes to the beauty of nature. And if that — why — if it were only a film, perhaps — Good Heavens! — perhaps he could lift it.

And so as the flickering light of the dying sun colored the leaves of the overhanging trees, the resolution to lift the veil hardened into a burning desire to go on a mission. Down the sandy path, bordered by green grass, he walked rapidly, seeking his first convert. It was not until the enthusiastic Poet reached the sign of the "Blue Dynamo" that he saw his first prospect, an old man.

"Ah — good evening," began the

Poet.

"Top o' the mornin'," replied the Old Man, a twinkle in his eye.

The Poet, unaccustomed to such shifts in conversation, stumbled on.

"Does this weather fill you with a — a gladdening warmth? When Spring approaches, do you ever feel the urge to lie beneath the boughs of a green tree?"

"Oh sure," the Old Man answered, shifting his pipe from one side of his mouth to the other. "I like to lie under a green tree all right, but the mosquitos — whoo — the mosquitos! Yes, a green tree is a nice thing, but there are the ants, and the fleas, and the worms, and those things with speckled bodies, and....."

"Well," the Poet broke in, "the main object in life, is it not, is to appreciate and understand its beauty."

The Old Man nodded his head. "That's just what I was saying to the Old Woman this morning. I said to her, 'Now dear,' said I, 'if you don't think that the vermillion on the Butcher's fence is pretty, you're wrong.' It is funny how some people can't appreciate beauty."

The Poet bit his lip, but continued his argument. "There seems to be a kinship between the world of inert matter and the realm of warm life. Perhaps matter is spirit in its grosser aspect."

"No matter," smiled the Old Man. His face, however, suddenly became serious as he noticed the Poet turn in disgust and walk away.

"Hey, lad," he called. "Come back."

The Poet seemingly paid no attention to the call, for he walked slowly back through the overhanging trees.

A burning sense of failure gnawed him from within. Vague but pointed memories of the countless jibes and the contemptuous snickerings at him and his ideas welled to the surface of his consciousness. He reached the river. He stopped, and his mind began to play with the fancy that the key to existence might be found at the end of the River of Life. And so, dressed in light summer clothing, he stepped into icy water, wading at first and then going deeper.

* * *

Time passed. The Peasant, his body swinging in rhythm to a gay tune he had learned in the city, trod the same path that a few nights before had witnessed the brief crusade of the Poet.

Reaching his own hut, he was not a little surprised to see the Old Man hanging some of the Poet's clothes on a string outside of the latter's house. He was no less surprised to see the Old Man turn and enter the Poet's hut.

"Now what can he be around for?" exclaimed the astonished Peasant. He walked to his neighbor's door and with one husky push sent its crazy hinges creaking and crying in uproarious dissent to such harsh treatment. He stepped into the familiar room and saw, much to his amazement, the Poet, lean and deathly pale, lying in bed.

The Old Man rose to meet him. He proffered his hand to the Peasant and, upon its being accepted, introduced himself. The ceremony being completed, they both advanced to the bed and stared at the Poet.

The Poet stirred uneasily. The

Old Man lifted a brimming bowl of oatmeal from a low chair near the bed. He stirred it carefully, and then slowly, as a mother would feed her child, he lifted a spoonful of food to his patient's mouth, urging him to eat.

"So sweet," murmured the Poet almost inaudibly, as he tasted the



Suddenly the moon crept from out the shadow of a cloud

first spoonful. "So sweet for a mere stranger to help another in distress. So sweet....."

"Did I put too much sugar in it?" asked the Old Man.

"Sugar's dear this year," interposed the Peasant. Then seeing that the Poet had fallen asleep, "Just what's the matter with him?"

"Pneumonia."

"Did you get a doctor?"

"Not at first. He wanted to go back to nature. He did. He got some herbs, mashed them, and swallowed the mess. That made him sicker."

"How did you enter into this affair?"

The Old Man told him of his part in the history of the Poet's brief crusade. "He looked kind of upset," the Old Man continued, "when he left me. I rather like the Poet, and so I thought I had better keep my eye on him. He walked down the bank here quite a way, and I lost sight of him. When I caught up with him again, he was bobbing around in the river out there. He looked like he couldn't swim; so I got a pole and fished him out. He was a sorry mess, dripping all over and sneezing like....."

"The poor fellow," broke in the Peasant. "He has made a pretty mess of things. He could have made out well, too, in the advertising game. People draw down good salaries there."

"Sure," assented the Old Man. "You know Glibber, don't you? Well, he draws 700 guildens a week writing for the hydrant people."

"No use talking," commented the other. "He can't do a man's job. He is just like a child that just won't grow up. Many times I've seen children playing with mud piles. For the child that dirty chunk of mud becomes now a dragon, now a horse, now a beautiful mansion. That's cute in children, but for a grown man....."

"Well," remarked the Old Man, "I suppose there is something in that."

"If you need me, call me," said the other.

Saying that, he marched off.

The Old Man watched the Peasant until the latter went out of sight.

Then he re-entered the room. The Poet was awake and muttering. Whereupon, the Old Man reached for the medicine bottle, and the bitter, greenish liquid stopped for a time the ramblings of the Poet.

Suddenly the Poet sat upright in bed.

"He's blind!" he cried.

"Who?" exclaimed the startled Old Man, dropping a plate.

"He cannot see beyond his nose."

"The Peasant?"

"He."

"Well, I don't....."

"Always his ears are closed to the call of beauty; his eyes blind to the welcome of nature. Once I showed him the many colored hues in the water there. He saw, mind you, nothing but water and mud. Thankful am I that I am as I am." Saying that, he fell back exhausted.

The Old Man felt his pulse, covered him gently, and then walked out to the doorstep.

The night had by then fallen, and a deep calm had descended upon the earth. The numberless stars twinkled back at the Old Man as he lifted his eyes to the heavens.

"A beautiful night," he said to himself. Then, seating himself on the doorstep, he began to fill his pipe.

"I guess," he said slowly, "that I can see what the Poet means. There is something in all this that creeps in under one's skin."

"Well, I guess," he continued with

a little laugh, "I'm becoming a kind of poet myself. Yet that fellow, the Peasant, speaks sound common sense too. Business is not guildens only. There is a romance, and a joy, and a beauty in making nature your slave. There is a thrill in leveling mountains and conquering seas. Well, I don't know. It is not easy to judge." He became pensive.

Suddenly the moon crept from out the shadow of a cloud and sent a glorious beam down upon the shadow of the little hut. The Old Man leaped to his feet and searched the skies.

"Please God," he said, "let me be as blind as neither, but let me have the eyes of both."

Finis

One Foggy Knight

By SEYMOUR GROSS

IT was twilight and the enveloping gloom combined with a deep mist that was blowing in from the sea softened the usual hard outlines of New York's skyline into mere shadows and suggestions of huge towering shapes. Here and there tiny lights appeared and then disappeared, making the whole island of Manhattan seem like a cloudy sky whose stars were trying to peep through the clouds. The sound of many fog horns and the fresh twang of the salt air were wafted into shore on the cool April breeze, where they mingled with the smell of the docks and the noises of the streets.

All these noises created an irregular melody but the lapping of the waves against a certain wharf provided a bass or even tempo to accompany this melody of the river front. An exceptionally staccato note of a nearby fog horn was accompanied by a similar movement of part of a shadow that was creeping along the edge of the wharf. When this piece of blackness reached the end of the shadow of a shanty, it hesitated a second and then fitted across a patch of light coming from the watchman's lamp through the window of the shanty, and again merged into the darkness of the end of the wharf.

The last traces of the sun had disappeared and all was inky blackness. Only the red and green pilot lights of an exceptionally near by tug penetrated the fog and made them-

selves visible to the dark figure huddled at the end of the wharf. Soon the watchman's light moved farther away and was lost in the fog. The huddled figure suddenly stood erect and peered out into the foggy river. It gave a little shiver and a cough was heard in a muffled feminine voice. The owner of the voice leaned over as if to jump into the dark lapping river, when two strong hands suddenly pinioned her from behind.

The girl screamed both from fright and anger, both of which emotions she betrayed when she said:

"Let me go—let me go—I was—"

"Oh,—no you don't sister—no you don't—tonight is too cool a night for me to be fishin' you out of that cold water."

And the girl looked up into the not unhandsome or unkindly face of a policeman. Then he drew her to a sitting position on the edge of the wharf and took a flashlight from his pocket. The girl had suddenly become submissive and when the light flashed on, she was looking at the knight of the law with nothing but gratitude in her eyes.

As he awkwardly began to talk it was evident that he was surprised at the appearance of the girl.

"How come," he said, "how come a girl with your looks and dress wants to kick the bucket? Why you got everything to live for."

She lowered her eyes as she spoke,

at first hardly in a whisper, but taking on courage as she went along.

"My story isn't any different from the ones others must have told you and hundreds of other cops right here at the foot of Forty-fourth Street. Most of the others, though, didn't tell it in person, but it was read, I suppose in a note which they must have left right here. If you get bored—stop me.—I'm sorry you came because it took a lot of thinking to reach the decision and now that you've stopped me, I know that I won't have the nerve to do it again."

The knight of the law looked at the girl intently. Then—

"If your story begins in a small town and up to yesterday you were tramping from Ziegfeld's to Shubert's and they told you that they could use a maid for a "walk on" but then you weren't the type—Well, I guess I can supply the details when I have more time."

The girl laughed hysterically—

"Yes—That's the story but it hurts when you make it so matter of fact. I've starved in your "details"—I've written home of my great success—They've found out—I've been disowned—I'm a failure—a failure—even "he" turned on me—but then he died and we hadn't spoken—and he died without forgiving or being forgiven—Oh God!—why should I live—why—why—."

The words were interrupted by sobs and as she began to lose complete control of herself, the knight of the law took her by the shoulders and turned her tear stained face towards his.

"Wait, girlie, wait—I got a heart—don't think I haven't got a wife

and two kids too—and I get rotten breaks, but do I go around jumping into rivers?—I should say not! I stick on the job. Even tonight I'm in danger of losing it. There is a bootlegger named Gazetti who has been making nightly shipments around here and if he gets through again, me and five other guys will be demoted."

The realization that others had struggled seemed to cheer the girl up for—

"Well, I guess you're right, officer, I'll give life another chance. But if I don't succeed this time—well—."

"You better get home now girlie—I can't stay here all night," interrupted the officer.

"Go," replied the girl, "don't worry about me—I'm afraid to try it again. I just want to stay here alone and think things over."

"Well, goodbye," said the knight of the law, "you'll feel better in the morning." And he arose and walked off into the fog.

The girl sat motionless for awhile and then suddenly leaned over the pier and said—

"O. K. — Gazetti — the coast is clear."

And a loaded boat slid from under the wharf.

A knight of the law happily walked his beat and whistled because the enveloping gloom, combined with a deep mist that was blowing in from the sea softened the usual hard hard outlines of New York's skyline.

The End

An Anthology of Harris Verse and Humor

The following excerpts from the "Hour Glass" have been chosen as representatives of Harris Humor and Verse and are reprinted, with permission, from the various editions of the "Stadium" issued during the past semester.

REGISTRATION DAY

The day we came to register,
A diagonal we composed
It nettled us, howe'er, to find
That history was closed,
Another diagonal then we wrote;
On Art this one reposed—
Until we found to our disgust
That this same Art was closed.
With rising ire we turned to Math
And this time-saver chose.

We dared not look upon the board
For fear that French would close.
And sure enough our last resort
On "full list" was transposed.
'Cuz just as "Pop" sweeps up downstairs
That section too was closed.
At eight o'clock we got back home
'Til early morn we swore
For ours had been the cursed fate
To slave from nine 'til four.

ALLES WELL THAT ENDS WELL or WORKING THROUGH C. C. N. Y.

Son: MARTEL me. Can I do it?
Mother: The RHODES to success are LONG. You can't make it PEI.
Son: O, CONTI?
Mother: The BOYD have to be strong who could do that.
Son: How THRILLING it must be to have HEFT!
Mother: But it's hard on the DAMBAC.
Son: You're a PERLMUTTER.

A SAD SOPH MEDITATES

Soon will go the room spaces,
For the crowded, dirty places;
For the busy, rushing parts
Where the heavy traffic darts—
Automobiles, wagons, carts.
No athletes during lunch hour;
And t'would be quite drab to much our
Food outdoors among the mobs,
Midst rushed men and hasty gobs.
Laborers hurrying to their jobs.

Handball would be out of question,
In that maelstrom of congestion;
How much different from our school
This was built with skillful tool;
Of Gothic art a gorgeous jewel.
Can the founder sleep in quiet
With this turmoil and this riot?
With this change from good to bad?
Is it just a whim or fad?
Or the work of someone mad?

G. O. DUES

G. O. dues, G. O. dues,
G. O. dues jumbled,
In the assembly
By Mr. Flynn mumbled.
The faculty sayeth
('Gainst this paper banded)
'There weren't two systems,
So 'tis commanded.
What value notes of hand?
—Meant but a promise bland.
So each one was informed,
And the STADIUM was slandered.
There's not to make reply,
To answer back those on high.
Theirs but to sit on high
So 'tis commanded.

"Is it fitting or proper to leave these halls without suitable memory? Imagine departing with no final show, with no souvenir of the building——?"

Ay, rip the moulding from her walls,
The cards from tattered shades,
For souvenirs of T. H. H.
When recollection fades.
Take plaster from the ceilings worn;
Remove a desk or chair;
Bring 'long a splinter from the bench
Of Dr. Senftner's lair.
These floors once filled with tales of woe
Will soon be of the past.
So take along a plank or two
To make the memory last.

A nib from Fitz's fountain pen,
A hair from Fendy's beard—
Remembrances of our dear school—
Will always be revered.
A pane of glass with all its dirt,
A blackboard from the wall,
Will ever be a memory
Of Townsend Harris Hall.
So don't forget to take along,
Regardless of its size
A souvenir of T. H. H.,
A thing you're sure to prize.

“Babylonian Captivity”

I saw the tow'r of Harris
As I was passing by,
The gray tow'r of Harris
Against the pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Harris boys
Who leave without a sigh.

The years go fast in Harris,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary gothic tow'rs look down
On careless boys at play;
But now, the pow'rs above decree,
They put their games away.

They leave the green-banked River
The Oval, and the Drive,
The Campus, and the Terrace,
To seek out business' hive—
They give their merry youth away
That College growth may thrive.

Atop a pile of steel and brick
They'll take up their abode;
And in environment mature
Their youth will find a good—
The Founder now must sigh to see
Them stunt the seed he sowed.

Oh, pray that down at Commerce
They'll keep their spirit 'live,
That Harris' personality
Its glow to keep they'll strive:
Their exile some day shall be o'er,
And Harris shall revive.

Then let us e'er look forward
And plan for future days,
When on the tow'r of Harris
Our standard we shall raise,
When Vict'ry on our cause will shine
With bright, resplendent rays.

When that day comes may we bring back
Traditions which have not slept,
Traditions which, like the ivy,
About these walls have crept;
And may they be, like the ivy,
Green and freshly kept.

I saw the tow'r of Harris
As I was passing by,
The gray tow'r of Harris
Against the pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Harris boys
Who leave without a sigh.

But exile some day shall be o'er,
And Harris shall revive,
And Harris personality
Shall be again alive,
And Harrisites shall sport again,
And youthful joys shall thrive.

TRISTAN C. DURWARD

On Leaving

By MURRAY KALISCHER

Farewell to Townsend Harris that we knew,
To wilderness of mason'ry we go
And though our exile, unwilling, is too true,
Yet memories forbid its being so.

What matter if our future domicile
Has advantageous that and useful this,
Are blank stone walls fore'er to fill
The place of Gothic dignity and bliss?

Think you the clamor of enclosed court,
From fertile mem'ry will erase,
The roaming, carefree hours of a sort,
That never knew the check of bounded space?

Is Harris's sole pride thus to be shattered,
Its own secluded grandeur to be shorn,
Submerged, as though it never mattered,
Beneath the blare of traffic's honking horn?

The Harris that is present is soon past,
The older order yieldeth to the new,
And leaveth us but mem'ries at the last
As all that doth begin and end must do.

“La Fantome du Cimetiere”

FRENCH STORY

par PAUL RABUT

LA voûte du ciel était sombre et la terre enveloppée d'un linceul brumeux. La lune perçait au travers des nuages gris et bientôt elle parut en plein. Les rayons lunaires jetaient un voile vert pâle par-dessus le paysage. Les têtes des pierres tumulaires, les unes neuves, les autres vieilles, toutes cachant des secrets et des mémoires, s'élevaient dans l'ombre.

Je remontais le sentier qui traverse le cimetière et mène à l'église. Après quelque minutes de marche, une grande pierre penchée et noircie par les intempéries, me faisait obstacle. Je m'assis sur l'herbe, brillante de gouttes de rosée, et je jetai un coup d'oeil sur l'épitaphe.

Une seule chauve-souris prenait son essor au-dessus du cimetière desolé. Le chant d'un rossignol se faisait entendre dans les bosquets qui étaient sur le versant de la montagne voisine. Tout à coup il s'arrêta. Silence

La fosse était parsemée de violettes et de marguerites, qui cachaient presque entièrement la veille pierre brisée, où étaient inscrits les mots suivants:

Ci-Gît

MADAME MANON ROLLAND

née Phlipon à Paris

1754 — 1793

Un rayon lunaire éclaira la face de la pierre et ceci lui donna une apparence lugubre. Une brume flottait au-dessus de la pierre et bientôt l'enveloppa tout entière. A travers cette brume le visage attrayant d'une femme d'une quarantaine d'années m'apparut. Elle tenait la tête haute et elle semblait me sourire. Ses yeux étaient doux et elle ressemblait à une reine. Lentement ce brouillard s'écarta et me laissa voir la personne entière, debout dans une charrette. Elle était habillée en blanc et elle avait des cheveux noirs et luisants qui lui tombaient jusqu'à la ceinture. Un vieillard, Lamarche, qui pleurait avec amertume près d'elle, était son seul compagnon. La charrette était entourée d'une foule bruyante et méchante, qui les huaient sur leur passage. Elle était fière et ne répondait pas aux cris de ceux qui hurlaient: A la guillotine! A la guillotine! Elle avait réussi à remonter le courage du vieillard et à lui faire oublier les affronts de la foule.

Enfin la charrette arriva sur la Place de Grève et se rangea devant l'estrade, près de laquelle était dressée une statue représentant La Liberté. Au moment de monter sur l'échafaud elle demanda au bourreau Samson une plume et du papier pour écrire ses dernières pensées. Il lui refusa en ricannant. A ce

point les sanglots du vieillard les interrompirent. Elle fit une autre requête à Samson: Puis-je le précéder pour lui montrer comment l'on meure bravement? Le bourreau ne put refuser à ce dernier désir. Elle s'avança jusqu'au pied de la statue et s'écria: O Liberté que de crimes on commet en ton nom! Deux minutes plus tard la tête de Madame Rolland tomba dans le panier . . .

La vision disparut graduellement. La brume suspendue s'éleva, laissant voir la lune. Je me relevai et je me dirigeai vers la porte du cimetière, jetant un dernier regard sur cette tombe. J'aperçus un rayon qui après s'être posé quelques instants sur la plaque tachée disparut en emportant mon rêve.

—Fin—

La Fundacion de Mexico

(Legenda Históica)

SPANISH STORY

por AMADO CANTON

LA luz argentina de la luna se refleja en las aguas verdosas de un lago pequeño engarzado en el centro de un valle rodeado de montañas majestuosas. Bajo las arcadas umbrías de un árbol frondoso a la orilla del lago se encuentran un joven y una doncella aztecas. No turban la calma mas que el ruido estridente de los grillos y el murmullo suave de un manantial que llora sobre el lago. Dice ella:

—Estoy cansada . . . A veces temo que nunca encontraremos la prometida isla en el lago, sobre la cual debemos fundar nuestro pueblo.

—Mujer, no dudes. Nuestro dios es justo y cumplirá su promesa.

—¡Qué familiares son esas palabras de esperanza vana! Fué fatal el día en que abandonaron nuestros antecesores a Atzlán por una meta que no existe más que en su cerebro alucinado y en el de los sacerdotes que cuidan a Huitzilopochtli y transmiten al pueblo los mandatos divinos. Esta peregrinación es una historia de sufrimientos, dificultades, guerras sangrientas, carestías, omarguras y humillaciones. Nos pasamos la vida en perpetua fuga, buscando refugio en las selvas y en los pantanos!

La joven india torna el rostro sombrío al otro lado, y calla. La luna avanza indiferente hacia el cenit, cuando de improviso se oye la voz sepulcral del numen:

"No es éste el lugar que te destino, pueblo mío! Levánte con tus mujeres y tus hijos y sigue tu camino! ¡Ay de aquél que se oponga a mis mandatos!"

Murmura el joven:—Oyes?

—Sí; oigo. Ello significa que mañana los pájaros podrán invadir los maizales sin ser molestados; que todas las chozas estarán abandonadas . . . La nuestra . . . también . . .

A través de montes y pueblos hostiles continuaron los aztecas su éxodo penoso. Y un día llegaron a orillas de un lago y dijeron: "Refugiémonos en medio: en los isolotes y entre los tules nos ocultaremos de nuestros enemigos."

Una tarde Xóchitl, que así se llamaba la joven, penetra en los carrizales seguida de Ixtlizómoc su amante. Inesperadamente se encuentran frente a un águila posada en un nopal que crece sobre una peña en el centro de un charco de agua verde. El águila devora ansiosa una serpiente que se retuerce. El joven azteca mira el agua y remoja en ella los desnudos pies. De pronto, desa-

parece y la joven huye gritando, presa de mortal angustia.

Cae la tarde. La pobre Xóchitl yace postrada de dolor en su choza. Fija los ojos en el sol, que vislumbra por la puerta, sangriento como su corazón. De improviso un cuerpo se interpone entre el Astro Rey y sus ojos. Xóchitl lanza este grito: Ixtlizómoc! y se desmaya.

Acude el concurso a cerciorarse si era él en realidad el que considerban ya ahogado. Desde la puerta cuenta que una fuerza sobrenatural lo arrastró al fondo de las aguas, donde una voz sonora y melodiosa le dijo: "Este es el lugar donde los mexicanos han de poblar y hacer la cabeza de su señorío, y aquí verán ensalzadas sus generaciones."

Los presentes, llenos de júbilo, celebraron el suceso, y en ese lago que tuvieron que terraplenar, fundaron la ciudad de Mexico.

—Fin—

Armer Esel!

GERMAN STORY

VON ELICK BUDOVSKY

IN ESEL trug einen grossen Mann ueber den Weg von Bienburg nach Stronitz. Am Wege befand sich ein schattiger Ort. In der Naehel dieses Ortes war ein schoener Garten worin viele Blumen und Obstbaeume wuchsen. Auch im Garten war eine prachtvolle Quelle woraus das Wasser hoch in die Luft schoss.

Als sie zu diesem Orte kamen, warf der Mann sich vom Esel, und band den Esel an einen Baum, damit er nicht in den Garten gehen moechte und Schaden anrichten. Dann setzte sich der grosse Mann sich unter einen Baum. nahm sein Mittagsessen von einem nicht so kleinen Buendel, und fing zu essen an. Er ass Hering, Kartoffeln, Hasen und endlich verschiedene Fruchte.

Gewiss war es kein Wunder dass er nun faul und schlaefrig wurde. Er gaehnte, und sagte, "Ach, bin ich schlaefrig, Ich werde ein Schlaefchen machen, weil ich keine Angst vor dem Esel haben darf."

Bald schnarchte er sehr laut. Der Esel hoerte es und erkannte seines Meisters Schnarchen. Sogleich riss er sich mit einem Eselgeschrei von seinen Banden los, lief bis zur Umzaeuung des Gartens worueber er sprang, und erschien ploetzlich im Garten.

In diesem Garten standen viele Obstbaeume die die schoensten Aepfel und Birnen der Welt trugen. Der Esel hatte diese Frucht gesehen, und er wollte nur einige der schoenen Birnen und Aepfel fressen.

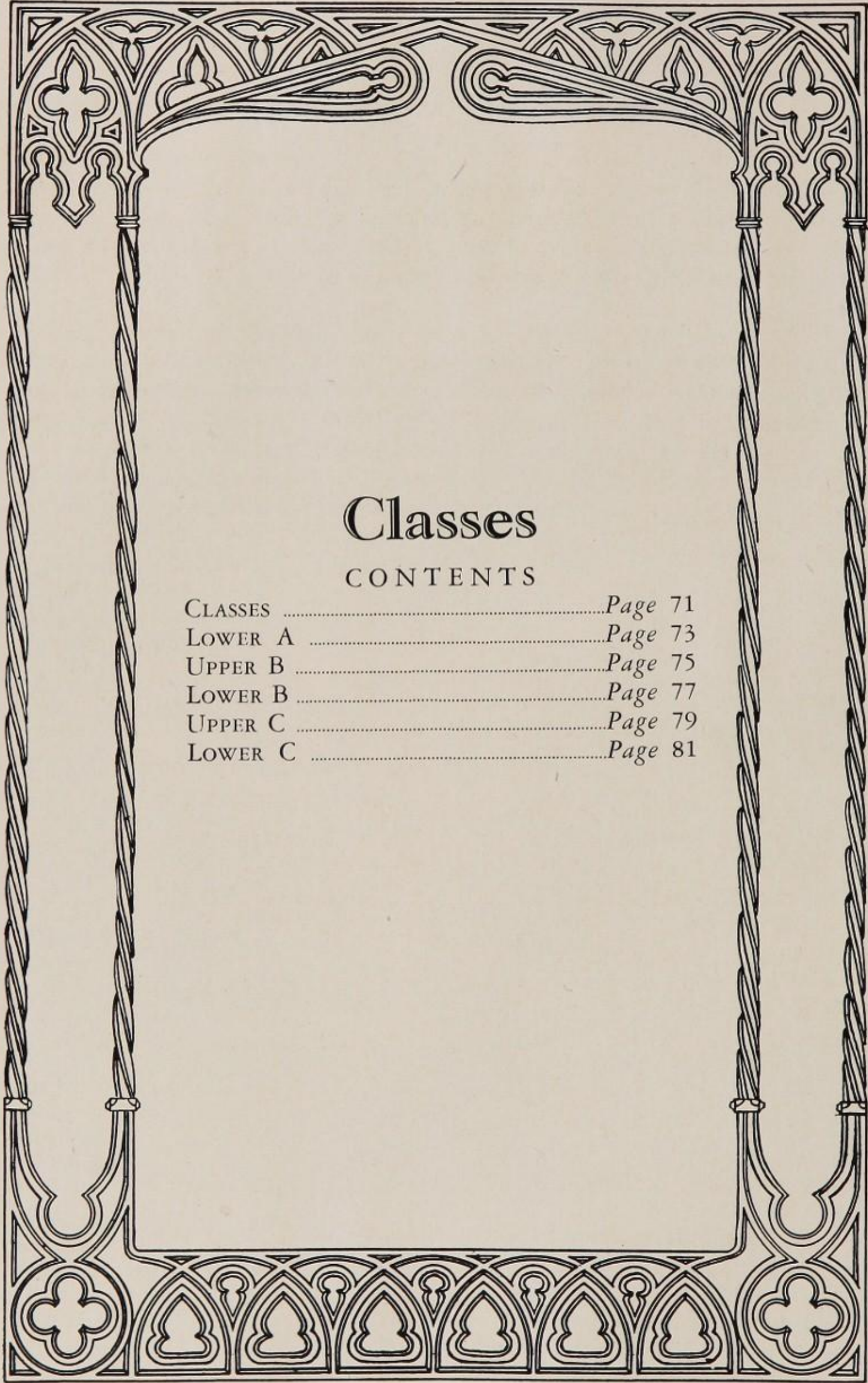
Dan fiel ihm ein Gedanke ein. Konnete er nicht mit seinen hinterfuessen an den Baum stossen und wuerde nicht etwas Frucht herunterfallen? Er tat das woran er gedacht hatte und stiess an Birnbaeume und Aepfelbaeume. Als er gut veile Birnen und Aepfel gefressen hatte, wurde er sehr durstig. Er bemerkte die prachtvolle Quelle woraus das Wasser hoch in die Luft schoss. Dann ging er bis zur Quelle um einige Tropfen Wassers zu fangen.

Im Garten sass ein kleines Kind das alles was der Esel getan hatte gesehen hatte, aber, da es nie frueher einen Esel gesehen hatte, sah es den Esel wie ein Wunder an. Als der Esel, aber, vor die Quelle sprang, lief das Kind ins Haus und sagte seinem Vater davon.

Dan kam der Vater mit einer Buechse in der Hand und jagte den Esel aus dem Garten. Der Esel lief seinem Meister zu, gab ihm einen Stoss mit seinem Fusse, und weckte ihn auf. Der grosse Mann stand auf und wollte den Esel schlagen. Als er, aber, den Vater mit der Buechse kommen sah, tat er etwas klugeres. Er sprang auf des Esels Ruecken und rit weg so schnell wie der Blitz.

Der Esel rettete seines Meisters Leben, weil er schnell genug rannte dass die Kugeln, die der Vater aus seiner Buechse schoss, sie nicht erreichen konnten. Sein Meister, aber, fuehlte keine Dankbarkeit, und, als sie in Stronitz angekommen waren, verkaufte der grosse Mann den Esel an einen Mueller.

Ja, man wird nie fuer das Gute, das man tut, belohnt.



Classes

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Classes

ANOTHER term has passed; another body of scholars have parted, never to return. Another semester has passed into the annals of history, and, as always, has brought to Harris its due share of successes and failures, victories and defeats. But all have served their purpose, that of developing the character of the students, and of raising the backbone of Harris life.

Here in Townsend Harris Hall, to an even greater degree than in any other institution in the city, the class is an extremely important and vital cog of machinery, which comprises our school. Each is a separate unit and possesses certain duties to perform, and certain matters to regulate; and since every Harrisite places his class first and foremost in scholastic affairs, there exists a great amount of amiable emulation among the student body.

But out of the panorama of events, there emerges a new picture—a figure resplendent in new-found power, glowing in conceit, and proud of his many accomplishments. It is the new Harrisite, so excellently portrayed by the new Lower Classmen, that serves as a barometer of Harris success and as a standard of progress. Gone is the timid, abiding class council, the omniscient faculty advisor, and the club, controlled by Seniors. In their places, stand the all-powerful Lower Classmen, the organization supported by Upper C's and the teams managed by Lower B's. A new era is dawning upon Townsend Harris Hall.

The new freshmen, within a few fortnights, have established a class constitution, set class dues, and issued an edition or two of the official class organ. Likewise, the Upper C class has soon set the semester's social function and turn their thoughts and bodies towards mental and physical combat, which is indulged in with an unparalleled zeal. In a like manner, the Upper and Lower B's unable to cope with the spirit of innovation, collaborate in a boat ride outing, which, due to the large amount of those participating, proves to be a tremendous success. The Lower Senior occupies itself in preparations for the following term's "C & G", choosing an entire staff, immediately. The Lower A's stage too the one affair, which will probably resist innovation as long as Harris continues to survive, namely the Lower A Banquet. The Upper A's, realizing the necessity of staging essentially a Senior Affair, discard the time-worn, moth-eaten dance, in favor of a banquet. They are also required to issue the *Crimson and Gold*, which appears semi-annually.

And thus with these humble comments, which we hope will be regarded not as mere words, but rather as those of an eye-witness, we present to you a brief outline of Harris life, a pictorial portrait of classes.



Lower A

VAST in numbers, and aided by the usual number active members, the class of January 1931 has ended the fifth term of its existence in Harris with a determined purpose to pursue the footsteps of its predecessors. Throughout the whole semester, the entire class has kept in mind its importance as a unit. It was evident that the class council was well aware of the numerous activities a Lower A was expected to undertake, for, within a few weeks, the governing body of the class had appointed Stephen Grob, editor of the *Crimson and Gold* of January '31. And in a brief length of time, plans were concluded for the staging of the traditional Lower A Banquet.

The council, enjoying the benefits of a large treasury soon appointed a banquet committee, which so efficiently fulfilled its duties that the affair was a tremendous success. In addition to this, other class committees were appointed with a view towards the great tasks facing the students in the Senior semester.

Under the capable leadership of Murray Nathan, the Lower A class has earned for itself, a niche in the Harrisite's hall of fame. It has representatives in every field of extra-curricular activity. One can recognize at least two Lower-Seniors on every Harris' team, and in both the publication of the "Stadium" and the "Crimson & Gold," Lower A is well represented.

In such a class can be found many of the prominent men of Harris: Melvin Edelstein, leader of class sports, became captain of the baseball team; Murray Nathan, of the *Arista*, was twice class president; Stephen Grob, editor of the "C & G," is a member of the "Stadium" Staff; Raymond Nathan was the editor of the "Lower A Scroll," which stood among the foremost class papers. DeKorp, Fensterstock, Siegfried, Theil, Salk and Sindeband also did fine work for the class's success.

The Officers:

MURRAY NATHAN	<i>President</i>
ALFRED GOLDSTEIN	<i>Vice-President</i>
JONAS SALK	<i>Secretary</i>
RALPH DIGIA	<i>Treasurer</i>
THEODORE BENJAMIN	<i>G. O. Rep.</i>

English Representatives

SKUDOWITZ, BAKER, SIEGFRIED, SCHAMEST, HERSKOWITZ



Upper B

RELINQUISHING the inferiority which is generally associated with the Lower Classman, the class of June 1931 has witnessed the completion of, by far, the most successful semester it has ever experienced. The term's activities were typified by the business-like manner in which the Upper B's have fulfilled their many duties, and the celerity with which they have carried out their various functions. This class has shown itself to be one of the most active of the school's classes, in that it has predominated the entire school in social and literary, service and athletic affairs. In short, the class of June '31 has put forth its hand into all fields of extra-curricular life.

In the inter-class swimming meet, it was Upper B that defeated the Upper C's to maintain the ill-trodden prestige of the Upper School. Likewise in the inter-class debating tournament, the oratorical representative of the Upper B's maintained the high standards set by the championship Triangle team of the preceding semester. Then, again, Upper B organized an all-class baseball team which, although it was defeated here at Harris, beat the George Washington sophomores.

However, the main function of the semester was the boat-ride to Indian Point. In that it was an important innovation, the second to be staged by an Upper B class, the affair proved to be an unusual success.

However, such a class must be inspired and led onward. Therefore, it is without surprise that we note the great number of prominent classmen in Upper B. Among these are James Wechsler, Arista man, twice class president and school representative in the "Times Oratorical Contest;" Joseph Bryer, former class leader and a member of the Arista; and Fred Goldstein, the president of the class.

Much credit is also due to Mr. Pei, the capable and efficient faculty advisor, whose aid was indispensable to the Class's marked success.

The Officers were:

FRED GOLDSTEIN	<i>President</i>
OSCAR BLOOM	<i>Vice-President</i>
JOSEPH WERBLOW	<i>Secretary</i>
MILTON PRINCE	<i>Treasurer</i>
ABRAHAM SLUTSKY	<i>G. O. Rep.</i>

English Representatives:

MORGENTHAU, LAURICELLA, ROSENBERG,
SCHWARTMAN and CARVALLO



Lower B

SURVIVING a stormy and turbulent Freshman Year, Lower B has set about its second year of life in Harris with an unparalleled zeal to make a name for itself and be recognized as true Harrisites. Under the leadership of Marvin Cohen and that most capable advisor, Mr. Alles, the class has completed a term filled with many happy incidents and marked with the spirit essential to the success of any class.

The class has succeeded principally in carrying out the term's social function. By that we mean their main interest has been centered on this affair above all other things, although they, too, have shown their strength in other fields of extra-curricular life. The preparations for this affair were started early in the semester, so as to hold it in due time without any unforeseen delay. And this was the case and the boat-ride, the first of its kind to be sponsored by a Lower B class in collaboration with Upper B, was successfully and enthusiastically run off.

However, the class was not neglectful of its other duties as a unit. The usual inter-class teams were organized and although they did not fare as well as might be expected, the class tried its best, which after all is the essential thing. The class undertook the management of the Triangle and put forth suitable representatives. The "Lower B Gossipe" boasted two things; the most colorful title of any club paper, and the reputation of being one of the best class organs in school. The class debating team was put out at the hands of Upper A, but made a suitable showing, while the swimming team placed last.

Among the class leaders were:

Marvin Cohen, class president; Welford Wilson, track man and twice class secretary; Bamberger, present secretary; and Rosenfeld, once class president and member of the track team.

The Officers:

MARVIN COHEN	<i>President</i>
WELFORD WILSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
ALBERT BAMBERGER	<i>Secretary</i>
ELI BAUMAN	<i>Treasurer</i>
JESS WHITMAN	<i>G. O. Representative</i>

English Representatives

DICKS, RABINOWITZ, SHORE, HARTMAN,
MEYERS, ROSENFELD and MAYERS



Upper C

RESTORED again to the pride and self-respect of grammar-school days, which was so suddenly seized from it last term, the class of June 1932 has set about its work with an unparalleled enthusiasm and with an air of importance and dignity customary for an Upper C Class. This class, proving itself no exception in this respect, has availed itself of the opportunity to put this spirit to good avail.

In all fields of Harris extra-curricular activity—athletic, service and non-athletic—great support has been given by the members of the present Upper C Class. Excellent material, for future varsities has been uncovered, in that Upper C placed second in the inter-class swimming meet, and performed creditably in other competition. In a like manner, those students, interested in literature, have begun the training which will, no doubt, aid them in all future journalistic undertakings.

The council has functioned smoothly throughout the entire term, efficiently transacting all necessary and formal class affairs. Dues were collected, class functions set and various inter-section tournaments were successfully run off. In short, the class was creditably managed. In all fields of extra curricular activity, support was given by the Upper C Class.

Another factor resulting in the tremendous success of the administration, was the co-operation of the members of the class with the council. To Mr. Dyer belongs a vast amount of credit for the furthering of this spirit. With this as a predominant characteristic, the class has gone far towards that ideal of all Harris—the "perfect class."

The officers who have piloted the class through the past term are:

MORTON CRAMOY	<i>President</i>
STANLEY SIMON	<i>Vice-President</i>
LOUIS FIXEL	<i>Secretary</i>
JOSEPH BONEPART	<i>Treasurer</i>
THEODORE KADIN	<i>G. O. Representative</i>



Lower C

ANOTHER Lower C Class entered our school, heralded with dubious head-shaking, for the purpose of emerging, three years hence, as true Harrisites. Characterizing their work by two qualities—speed and certainty—the labors of the Class were carried out under the able supervision of Mr. Standerwick, the class faculty advisor. The Council was soon chosen, class dues set, a constitution adopted, and the class organ, "The Lower C Tattler" was published.

Removing all obstacles which quite naturally placed themselves in the path of new-comers to any institution, these ambitious freshmen have made their presence known at Harris. In athletics, a surprisingly large number of men have made varsity squads and Triangle teams. Likewise, in the fields of publications, service organizations, and especially clubs, the Lower Cs have succeeded in introducing their number into Harris' social life.

Then, too, among themselves, they have held the usual intersection tournaments, all of which were indulged in with a remarkable zest and spirit.

In short, the major achievement of the Class was the issuing of the class publication. Although the typing was a bit faulty and the articles were carelessly written, it is nevertheless a promising accomplishment.

The Lower C is no longer welcomed amid jocund anticipation of harmless pranks; on the contrary, however, the Seniors take it upon themselves to aid the newly entered Harrisites, and to acquaint them with the intricacies of school politics. Thus it can be seen that they are not subjected to the insults of Upper Classmen and Lower Classmen alike, but rather are aided in order that they may soon learn the routine and enter extra-curricular life. This installation of school spirit, early in the student's career, leads to greater achievements by the entire student body.

of publications, service organizations, and especially clubs, the Lower C's have

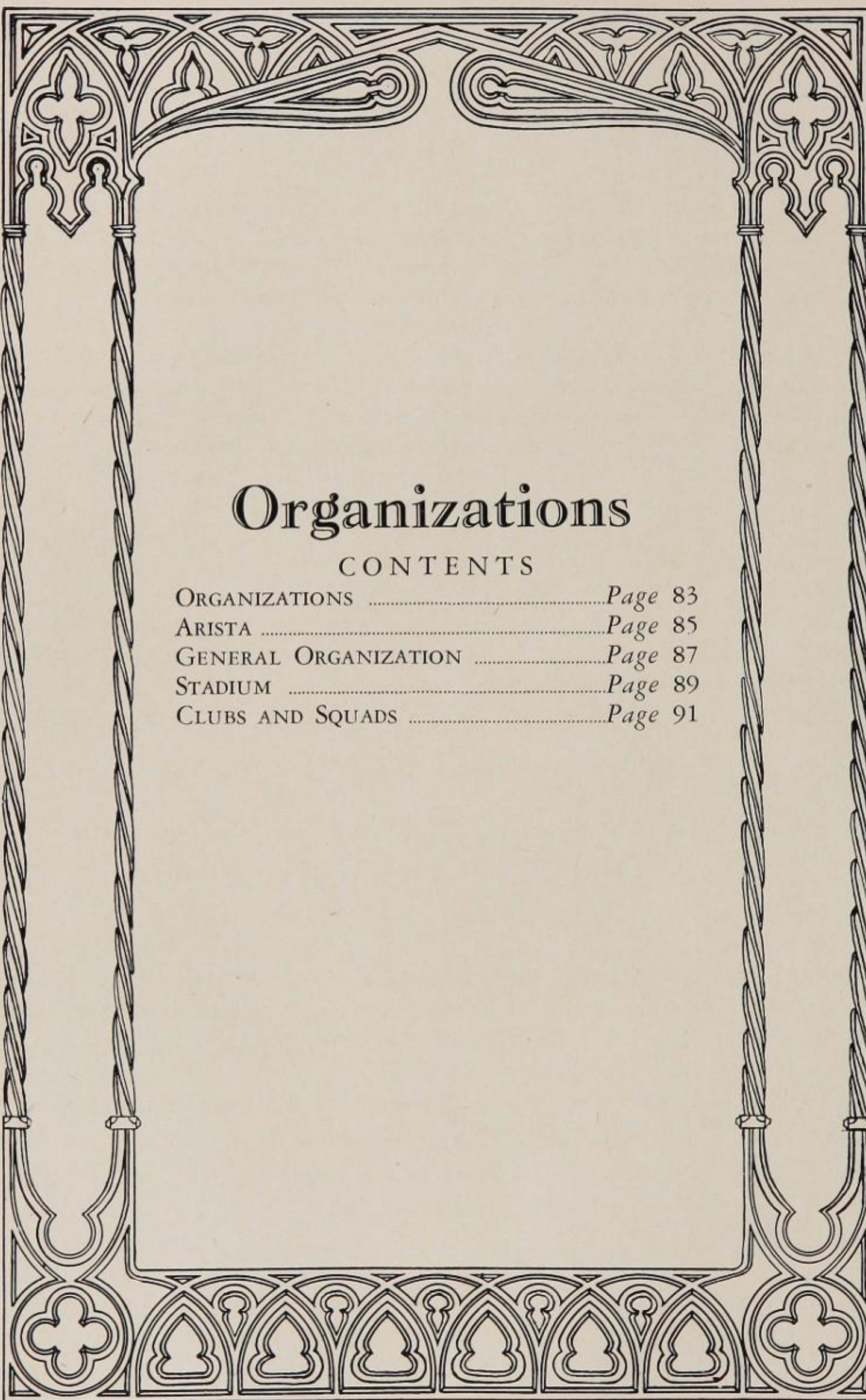
The class of January 1933 has been greatly encouraged by the English C Class has achieved a successful term.

The officers were:

WILLIAM KAPPELMAN	<i>President</i>
STANLEY BARANSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
AMOUR MARTIN	<i>Secretary</i>
JACK LANDMAN	<i>Treasurer</i>
JUSTIN GOLDFARB	<i>G. O. Representative</i>

English Representatives

PRESS, FISCHER, FIXEL, PATRICK, FERBER
and SILBERSTEIN



Organizations

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Organizations

THE principal outlet of school spirit is the organization. Long before he begins to take an active interest in any of the other forms of extra-curricular activities the newly entered Harrisite turns toward the organization. It is the heaven of kindred souls. Common ideals, common interests, a desire for companionship in the pursuit of a common aim are the motivating influences in the establishment of any club, society or publication.

At present the various societies are suffering from over inflation. The unprecedented school spirit of a few terms back expressed itself in the formation of a large number of new clubs, has been followed by a period of depression, leaving Harris with a large unwieldy body of organizations.

As a result of the unwieldiness, a large number of the societies have been finding difficulty in living up to the letter of their avowed purpose as written in their constitutions. Because of this there has been a growing tendency on the part of more cynical of Harris students to regard time spent in clubs as time wasted. This attitude is based entirely upon a mistaken assumption as to the purpose of a club. The society whatever its avowed purpose is essentially a fraternal organization. It exists as a supplement to, and not as a substitute for, the class. Thus it is that one does not go to the French or Spanish clubs merely to increase one's knowledge of those languages but to seek out and find other students with a mutual appreciation and love of them.

Besides the societies however, there is another type of organization—the service squad. This group is probably the least heralded, and, at the same time, the hardest working body of organizations in Harris. Its members may be seen at all hours of the schoolday, directing traffic on the stairs, helping in the library, or doing any other one of those tasks, which, although necessary, are far from pleasant. But even among the service organizations there is that same fraternal feeling to be found in the societies; the bond of union in this case being one of association in a common cause.

At the head of both these groups stand the General Organization and the Arista. The former is the pivot about which all revolves. It grants to the clubs their constitutions, legislates concerning their affairs and in general looks after their welfare. The Arista is, on the other hand, an almost purely honorary society.

It is an old saying, but one nevertheless untarnished by time, that "To know, we must understand." And therefore having given you a brief discourse on the purpose and function of the organization in Harris, we pass on to the organizations themselves.



B. Rappaport



W. VanRoosbroek



Daniel Hirschl



Henry Bloek



G. McDermott



J. Di Franco



S. Schlesinger



U. Montalbano



Chas. Ordman



Amado Cantóni

Arista

NO longer a mere honorary society, the ARISTA of the past term has become a real, live, and a worth while organization of the school—the goal of the lower classmen. Earning the approbation of students and faculty, the members of the Assembly, by strict adherence to their fundamental purposes have attained the true heights of ARISTA leadership, fidelity, service, scholarship and character.

During each semester all the qualifying members of the Lower B, Upper B and Lower A classes are interviewed by the members of the Assembly. Certain students are chosen and then examined by the Senate, which is made up of the members of the faculty. This body decides the final selection and consisted of:

EX-OFFICIO

GEORGE M. FALION	<i>Director</i>
JOSE MARTEL	<i>Leader</i>
ALBERT P. D'ANDREA	<i>Secretary</i>

GEORGE W. BLAKE	CECIL B. DYER
JAMES E. FLYNN	PHILIP NEWMAN
DAVID KLEIN	WILLIAM A. WHYTE
ROBERT H. CHASTNEY	DEVEREUX D. ROBINSON

The Assembly consisted of:

GEORGE McDERMOTT	<i>Leader</i>
VINCENT MONTALBANO	<i>Vice-Leader</i>
CHARLES ORDMAN	<i>Treasurer</i>
FRANCIS DI FRANCO	<i>Secretary</i>

HENRY BLOCK	JOSEPH BRYER
STEPHEN TOLINS	HAROLD FRISCH
DANIEL HIRSCHL	ROBERT HYAMS
BERT RAPPAPORT	RALPH HERRERA
HAROLD DE KORP	AMADO CANTON
HAROLD FRIEDMAN	MURRY NATHAN
RICHARD ROBINSON	RAYMOND NATHAN
EDWARD SCHLESINGER	HAROLD GOLDSTEIN
WILLY VAN ROOSBROECK	SALVATORE MIRABITO
JAMES WECHSLER	



Nat. Oris



B. Rappaport



S. Tolins



V. Montalbano



G. McDermott



V. Bikales



J. Whitman



J. Wolfson



C. Ordman

General Organization

DISCONTINUING the practice, instituted two years ago, of compelling every student of Townsend Harris Hall to become a member, the General Organization this term functioned entirely upon the generous support of the student body. Although compulsory dues were no longer required, the contributions of Harrisites to the student fund were no less than that of former terms.

Under the leadership of George McDermott, the president of the student organization, the council enacted several constructive legislative measures. The speedy work of the council was enhanced by its small size which was brought about several terms ago when the G. O. Constitution was amended so as to facilitate the labors of this body.

Through its various committees, the G. O. Council accomplished several noteworthy achievements which were vital to student activities. It drew up a debating tournament which was successfully run off and which was warmly praised by many participants.

In the realm of athletics, the council provided for two tournaments. The baseball tourney proved to be a huge success and terminated with the winning of the championship by the Senior class. A tennis schedule has been drawn up and has been welcomed by all classes.

In addition to the successful undertaking of the different student activities, the G. O. Council awarded several service pins to those boys who have distinguished themselves by their disinterested service to Harris. Major and minor insignias were also awarded to those members of the various athletic teams who have been recommended by their faculty advisors.

The gentlemen who comprised the G. O. Council during the past term were:

GEORGE McDERMOTT	President	
VINCENT MONTALBANO	Vice-President	
VICTOR W. BIKALES	Secretary	
BERT RAPPAPORT	Treasurer	
<i>Club Delegate</i>	<i>Athletic Delegate</i>	<i>Service Delegate</i>
NAT ORIS	STEVE TOLINS	CHARLES ORDMAN
<i>Class Representatives</i>		
Upper A	JACOB WOLFSON	
Lower A	THEODORE BENJAMIN	
Upper B	ABRAHAM SLUTSKY	
Lower B	JESSE WHITMAN	
Upper C	THEODORE KADIN	
Lower C	JUSTIN GOLDFARB	



A. Graetz



M. Hellinger



Henry Block



M. Kalischer



Stan. Russo



E. Schlesinger



S. Gross



M. Goodman



A. Hewitt



H. Lavine



S. Tolins



G. McDermott



L. Theil



S. Sindeband



S. Grob

Stadium

CHRONICLE of school events—organ of school activities—champion of student's rights—but first, last, and always a newspaper—this, in brief, has been the policy of the "Stadium" during the last semester.

At first, it was merely an ideal. However, though at first faced by apparently insurmountable opposition, the editors, by dint of courageous battling, have succeeded in making the ideal a reality. They have ceased to permit the Stadium to be used as a bulletin board. They have pulled the Stadium out of the rut into which it had fallen in previous terms. They have substituted for its weak, insipid editorial policy a strong and vigorous one.

Naturally, as a result of such a policy, the Stadium has improved from a journalistic standpoint. Due to the absence of notices, its make-up has become impeccable; and since fewer official letters were printed, it has become much newsier than heretofore. Among the plans supported by the "Stadium" in its editorial columns and supported by the student body, were the formation of the Liberal Club, the elimination of the Phi Gamma's influence in extra-curricular affairs, closed elections, amalgamation of clubs, and the abolition of the G.O. rule which forbids non-council members to speak at meetings.

The gentlemen who have managed the "Stadium" are:

Editor-in-Chief

MELVIN D. GOODMAN

Associate Editors

SEYMOUR A. GROSS

S. EDWARD SCHLESINGER

ALAN E. HEWITT

Editorial Board

HAROLD LAVINE

MURRAY KALISCHER

STEPHEN GROB

RICHARD STEIN

GEORGE McDERMOTT

HENRY BLOCK

LEON THEIL

Business Board

STANLEY RUSSO *Business Manager*

STEPHEN TOLINS *Advertising Manager*

SEYMOUR SINDEBAND *Assistant Advertising Manager*

ADOLPH H. GRAETZ *Circulation Manager*

RICHARD TOLINS *Assistant*

Faculty Board of Publications

MR. R. H. ALLES

MR. G. W. BLAKE



Traffic Department

WITH increasing size has come increasing efficiency to the Traffic Department. Captained by Charles Ordman and aided by Mr. Whyte, the Harris "traffic cops" have, this semester, set a new high for general competence. They have patrolled the halls as never before, performed the previous unheard of feat of maintaining order on the stairs, and, carrying out a ruling whose enforcement had in previous terms proven impossible, introduced quiet and order into the Study Hall.

This last was the most important of the department's achievements. Heretofore, when a club held a meeting or a class election, the Hall would become the scene of countless miniature riots. This, of course, discouraged many of the more serious students from attending meetings and was an important factor in the downfall of Harris clubdom.

Contrary to popular misapprehensions, the checking system inaugurated three years ago by Sam Ellman and Israel Feintuck is still in use and is working exceedingly well. Under this system the Traffic Department is divided into three squads, A, B, and C, each of which is commanded by a captain and either two or three lieutenants. Each lieutenant is in charge of a platoon which in most cases is composed of seven men. Over the entire squad are the Chief and the Recorder.

Company A is in charge of the stairs between classes. It is its duty to keep order, prevent running and see that there is only down traffic on one case and up traffic on the other. It is the highest of the companies. Company B is in charge of the locker rooms and halls during lunch hour. According to regulations these cannot be used without special permission. Company B sees that the regulations are obeyed. Company C has miscellaneous duties and relieves the members of Company B every few weeks. It is the training school of the "rookie".

The officers:—

ChiefCHARLES ORDMAN
RecorderWILLIAM SPIRO

COMPANY A

CaptainBERNARD SIEGFRIED

Lieutenants:—

Paul Rabut Harry Schneider Mortimer Hirsch

COMPANY B

CaptainALDIS GERZLER

Lieutenants:—

Herbert Feinberg Jonas Salk

COMPANY C

CaptainCARL VON DOENHOFF

Lieutenants:—

Milton Maybruck Paul Sausman



Dramatic Society

“WHAT is one man's meat is another man's poison”; and so it is at a time like the present, when the oldest and best established societies of Harris are shaking on their thrones like a man with the ague, and only by dint of the greatest sacrifices managing to keep from toppling off into oblivion, the Dramatic Society, but a term old, gains in membership and popularity day by day. Despite the seemingly fateful disinterest in clubs which is sapping the life's blood from its colleagues, the Society continues to grow and to prosper.

The reason for this may perhaps be found in the unique way in which the Club operates. Meetings are infrequent, usually once each month. But in order that the activities of the Club may never cease, small groups meet constantly, to rehearse plays, plan a theatre party, or edit the “Dramatist,” the organ of the Society. Then when a meeting is held both the members and the student body attend it with eagerness, for they know that behind each program are many weeks of hard work by various small groups, and that instead of long arguments over business, meetings of the Dramatic Society are both entertaining and instructive.

Among the activities of the society during the past term were a theatre party held at the Republic, a meeting in the Study Hall at which Miss Blanche Collins of “The Subway Express” cast spoke, and a play, also presented in the Study Hall.

The “Dramatist,” the Club organ, was just as last term, very fine and well deserved the title of “The Best Club Paper.”

The Officers who did so much to put the club in the position it now occupies are:

ARTHUR KRIVIS	<i>President</i>
SIDNEY LIPSHUTZ	<i>Vice-President</i>
MAXWELL WEITZMAN	<i>Secretary</i>
THOMAS FAY.....	<i>Publicity Manager</i>



German Club

CONTRADICTING the saying that whatever goes up must come down, the German Club, under the leadership of Mr. Taub, has, this past term, maintained the high standard of excellency, established in years gone by.

For many terms the German club has been considered the foremost organization in Harris clubdom. Year after year has witnessed the continued miraculous success of the club, until this term it may be truly said, without the shadow of a doubt, that the German Club is positively the best club in Harris at the present.

As usual the weekly meetings held by the club were attended by many students. Interesting programs were presented each week and much of the enjoyment derived from them was due to Mr. Taub, the energetic faculty advisor.

Not entirely satisfied by the mere attendance of many interested but inactive members, the officers of the German Club set about to revise the organization of the club, so as to provide each member with a more energetic share in the activities of the club. To bring about this desired end, the following was done.

At the beginning of the semester the society was divided into three groups: the Deutscher Verein, a singing group, and a dramatic society. At the same time the German paper, "Der Beobachter", was placed under the supervision of the German Department.

The advantage of this act was immediately shown. From the beginning the singing group became exceedingly popular. It was invited to sing over the air and at various high schools. The dramatic group, not to be outdone, presented a play at one of the assemblies; and the German Club, as a whole, held a boat ride—thus adding another precedent to the many it has already established.

Another feature of the club's intensive program this term was the neatness of its paper, "DER BEOBACHTER". The journal made regular weekly appearances and was well received by the students. The above two reasons together with the fact that the articles were excellently written will make this term "BEOBACHTER" a goal for future issues to attain.

The officers who so ably succeeded in bringing about the club's enviable record during the past term were:

VICTOR BIKALES	President
SIDNEY LIPSCHUTZ	Vice-President
ARTHUR KRIVIS	Sect'y.-Treasurer
IRVING DODES	Pub. and Prog. Mgr.



Current History Club

AT THE start of the semester, the officers of the Current History Club decided on a program consisting solely of faculty speakers, and, by a rigid adherence to this policy, the society enjoyed a most successful year.

The various contests dealing with current events, sponsored by the club were more successful than ever before. After holding first place in the "Biggest News of the Week" contest for several weeks, Harris dropped to third place and held that position for the greater part of the semester. The Harris work was featured by two first prize winners; Joseph Frank and Eugene Golob receiving this award. Other money prize winners were Kleinfeld, Zneimer, McGuinness, Ahrens, Curran, Schlaiffer and Ordman.

The club presented moving pictures on various interesting topics in the Study Hall every Monday during lunch hour. These were received with great enthusiasm by the student body, the Study Hall being filled every week. Only through the untiring efforts of Mr. Landman, the popular faculty advisor, was this possible.

The Officers of the Club are:

LEON THIEL	President
STEPHEN GROB	Vice-President
BERNARD SEIGFRIED	Secretary
SEYMOUR SINDEBAND	Treasurer



Hatikvah Society

“SMALL but select;” this was the motto of the Hatikvah Society during the past semester. Founded several years ago by a few Hebrew students for the purpose of arousing interest among the student body in the study of Hebraic culture, the Club was almost from the first a success. Term by term, year by year, it grew until the beginning of the last semester, when it was by far the largest and most popular Club at Harris. However, with the diminution of student interest in clubs, its membership dwindled rapidly during the last semester.

Despite this, those members who remained have succeeded in making the society one of the most active in Harris. Departing from the customary practice of inviting outsiders to speak at each meeting, it relied for its programs upon the students themselves. At each and every meeting some aspect of Jewish life was discussed, debated, or lectured upon by the members of the Club.

The Officers who have managed the Society throughout the term are:

WILLIAM SEIDENBERG	<i>President</i>
ARTHUR SCHLAIFER	<i>Vice-President</i>
BERNARD SIEGFRIED	<i>Secretary</i>
NATHANIEL FENSTERSTOCK	<i>Pub. Manager</i>



The Law and Debating Society

COMBINING student participation with talks by faculty and outside speakers, the Law and Debating Society made some improvement over last term's club. Judge Hyman J. Reit's address at a special assembly of the school on March 18th, was the high light of the term's activity, as the reunion banquet, at which alumni and present members regathered was of last term's.

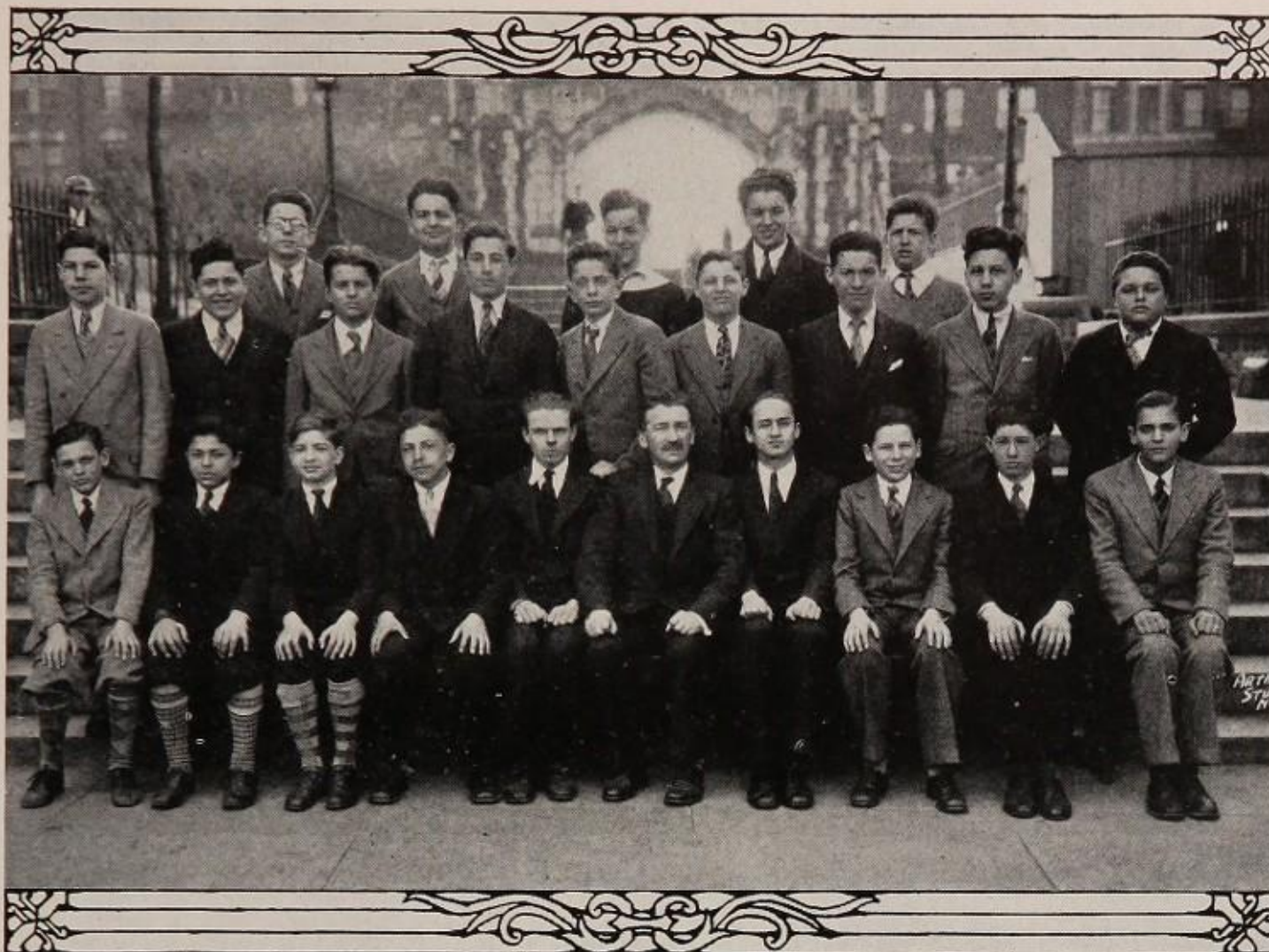
The "Forum," edited by Charles Schlang, regained its prominent position among club papers, being characterized by the "Stadium" as "the" club paper.

Although the club was by no means the model of parliamentary procedure that a Law and Debating Society should be, its disorderliness was somewhat alleviated by its lists of programs. Messrs. Dyer, Flynn and Landman spoke and many debates and discussions were held.

At present, the club is making arrangements to visit a municipal courtroom and to obtain club pins.

Mr. Mandeville guided the club as faculty advisor. Credit is due to the Officers too. They are as follows:

NATHAN ORIS	President
WILLIAM SEIDENBERG	Vice-President
ELKIN WENDKOS	Secretary
ISADORE AUERBACH	Program Manager



French Club

ORGANIZED to develop appreciation of French literature and culture the French Club has, to a great extent, fulfilled this ideal during the past term by its varied activities.

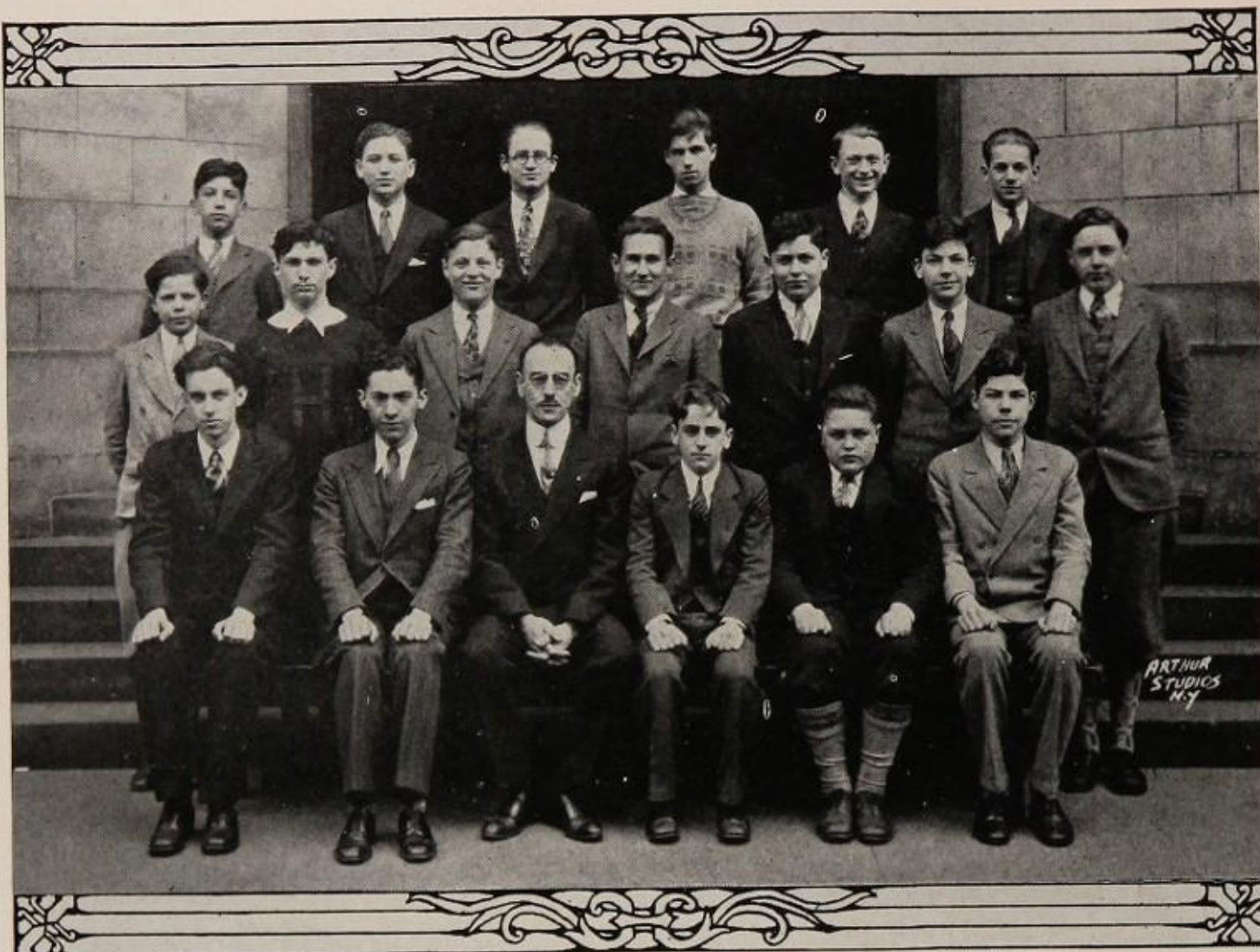
The club invited several members of the faculty to speak on subjects relative to French. The most interesting talk was given by Mr. Rougier of the Romance Languages Department, who spoke on "The Life of Moliere and His Great Contributions to the Literature of France."

Another important feature of the club's program was a French play, "La Marseillaise," which was presented to an appreciative audience at one of the school assemblies. The cast was selected from the active members of the club and each played his part in a realistic fashion.

The final crowning achievement of the past semester was accomplished when three representatives of the club, Frank, Van Roosbroeck and Canton, won prizes in a city-wide French contest held at Town Hall.

The Officers of this term were:

OSCAR HASKELL	<i>President</i>
ABRAHAM SLUTSKY	<i>Vice-President</i>
WILLY VAN ROOSBROECK	<i>Secretary</i>
BERTRAM EDELMAN	<i>Publicity Manager</i>



Spanish Club

OF ALL the clubs of Harris there is none so worthy of praise and yet so unappreciated as the Spanish Club. During the past term the club functioned quietly and successfully under the capable guidance of Mr. Martel, who aims to give the members an excellent command of spoken Spanish.

The meetings each Monday lunch hour were made very interesting by talks in Spanish by members of the faculty and of the club. Added interest to the programs was lent by the gramophone records which consist of Spanish songs. The gramophone was persented to the club by Mr. Salvatore and the records by the members of the society.

At the Easter assembly the club presented a Spanish play which was received enthusiastically by the audience. This reception so enthused the members that preparations for presenting a series of plays next term have already been made. The club among other numerous activities attended a meeting of the other New York High School Spanish Clubs.

The Officers are as follows:

AMADO CANTON	President
RALPH HERRERA	Vice-President
JAMES DOWLING	Secretary
VAL GATIERREZ	Treasurer



Italian Club

SHARING the honors with the German Club as the most successful club of the term, the Italian Club has reached the height of its career.

It was the first club to conceive the idea of having luncheons in schooldays in some eating place in the neighborhood. Four or five luncheons were held at the Liberty Rotisserie, each one a great success.

At the Easter Assembly, the Italian Club presented a school play which was an immediate success, inspiring the players to preparations for a regular dramatic unit of the club next term.

The paper "Dante Alegheri Chronicle" appeared at regular intervals and, although not especially noteworthy, served its purpose.

The officers were:

FRANCISCO MIGLIONICO	<i>President</i>
FRANCIS DI FRANCO	<i>Vice-President</i>
SALVATORE MIRABITO	<i>Sec'y.-Treasurer</i>
JOHN BIONDO	<i>Publicity Manager</i>



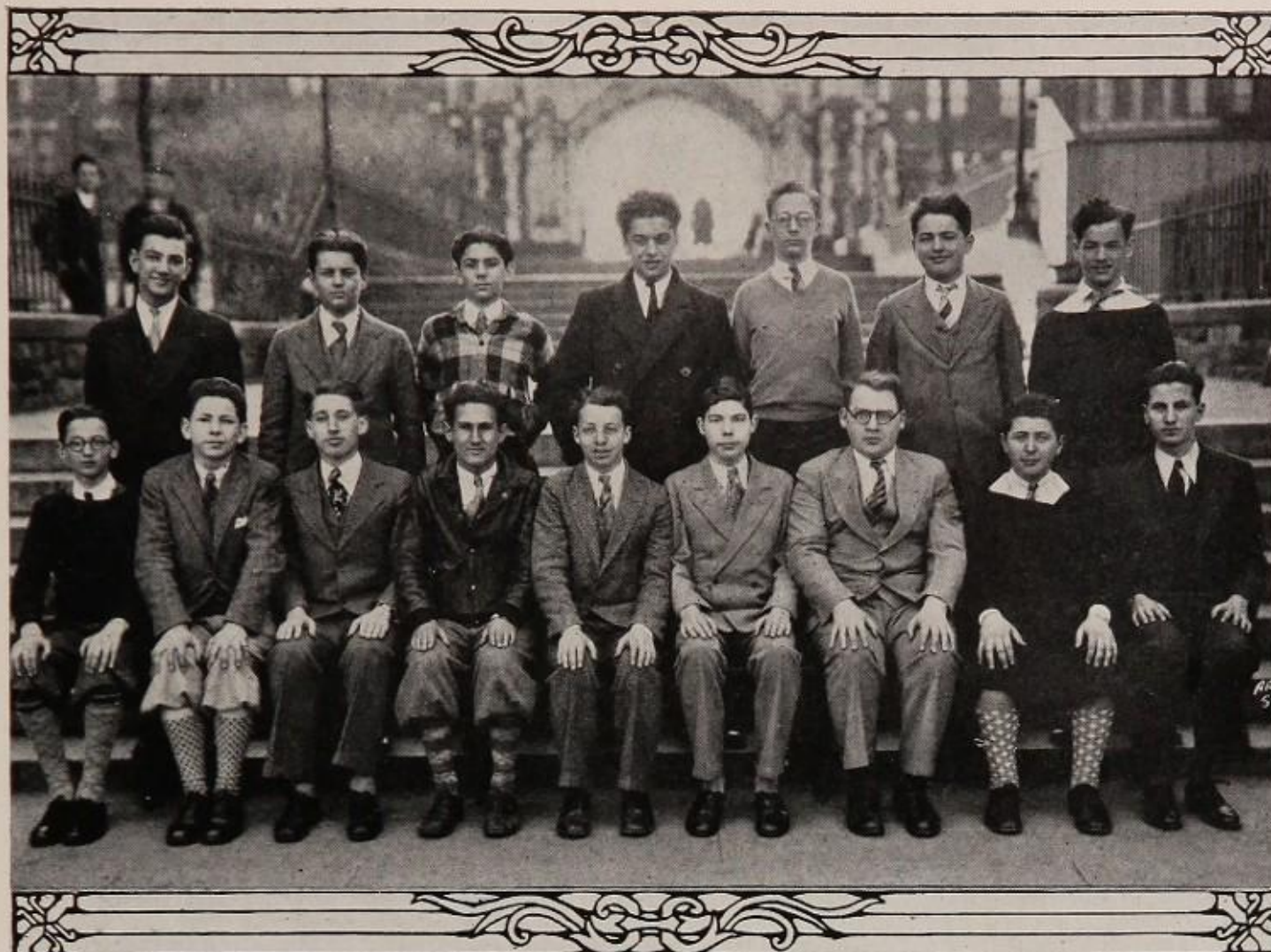
Science Club

FORMERLY used only as a supplement to the regular Physics courses by fifth and sixth termers, the Science Club is beginning to extend its popularity to the lower classes, too. This may be attributed to an increase in the desire for scientific knowledge among the student body, and the fact that many lower classmen realize the value of knowing something about Physics before studying the subject.

The Society based its programs upon the assumption that a few active members are better than a great many uninterested ones. In accordance with this idea, the organization functioned with but a few devoted club-goers. By this plan the programs were made so interesting that the club's membership increased to a very great extent and exceeded all records of the past. Though still a comparatively small club, when faculty speakers were on the program, the turnout was much more satisfactory than at several larger clubs.

The hard-working officers were:

WILLY VAN ROOSBROECK	<i>President</i>
BENJAMIN SCHWAID	<i>Vice-President</i>
JOSEPH SIEGAL	<i>Secretary</i>
MAXWELL WEITZMAN	<i>Program Manager</i>



Aero Club

COMPLETING another successful semester, the Aero Club, only established a year ago, again demonstrated by the popular reception of its unusually interesting programs that it is a permanent institution in Harris clubdom. Under the active guidance of Mr. Coen, the faculty advisor, the club has attained greater heights, and now rates as one of the successful organizations in Harris.

The large attendance maintained at its weekly meetings is in a large measure, due to the club's unique policy of inviting instructors of the various foreign languages.

Thus, a French instructor spoke about French aviation, a German instructor about German aviation; and in this manner the members of the Aero Club were vividly told of the progress of aviation in the leading countries of the world. In addition to these talks, slides were shown on matters relative to aviation.

The officers of the club were:

PAUL RABUT	President
NORMAN MARENGO	Vice-President
HERBERT ISENBERG	Secretary
MARVIN COHEN	Treasurer
SAUL BLANKSTEIN	Program Manager



Math Club

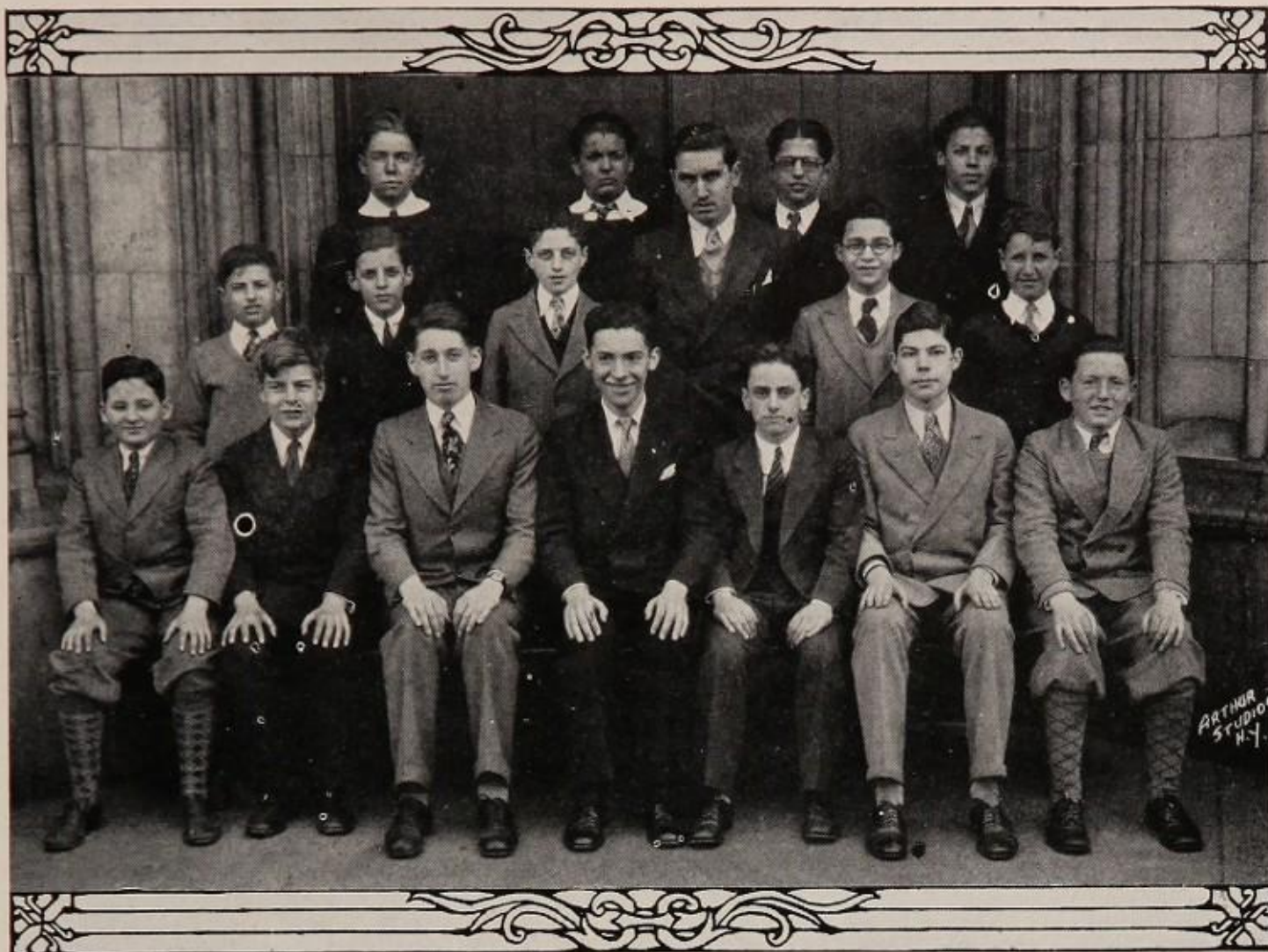
THE Math Club this semester surpassed all its predecessors in every respect and lifted itself from a position at the bottom to one at the top of Harris Clubdom. It was mainly through the good work of the officers and the assiduous efforts of Mr. Carrie, the faculty advisor, that the Society was able to attain to its present high rank.

The first meeting, at which a gathering of some eighty students, the largest attendance at a meeting of any club throughout the term, enjoyed Mr. Robinson's demonstration of the slide rule, was the best, and insured the Math Society's success for the remainder of the semester.

To avoid the failure in the future of all attempts to organize a varsity Algebra Squad, it was planned to have the immediate followers of this club incorporate in itself a group to carry Harris' standard to victory in the non-athletic and intellectual field.

The officers, diligent and untiring in their efforts, were:

IRVING DODES	President
ELICK BUDOVSKY	Vice-President
HENRY HIRSCHBERG	Secretary-Treasurer
HERBERT P. ISENBERG	Publicity Manager



Art Society

THE personnel of the Art Society experienced a drastic change this term. In previous terms the Art Society was composed of those Harrisites interested enough in the subject to sacrifice a few hours every week. However, through the tireless efforts of Mr. D'Andrea, a special Art class was instituted into the curriculum. This special class of artistically inclined Harrisites numbers about twenty and serves as the Art Society.

As usual, this small group is a quiet, but industrious organization about which revolves all the publicity used in the school. This work has been facilitated through the addition of a small printing press by means of which all the posters seen about the school are made. Since it can be said without any exaggeration that the success of the various Harris clubs is due, to a great extent, to the publicity accorded it by the Art Society, this organization is therefore a vital factor in Harris Clubdom.

The officers who were so instrumental in the success of the club this term are:

RALPH HERRERA	<i>President</i>
AMADO CANTON	<i>Vice-President</i>
PAUL RABUT	<i>Secretary</i>
JOSEPH GOLDBERG	<i>Custodian</i>



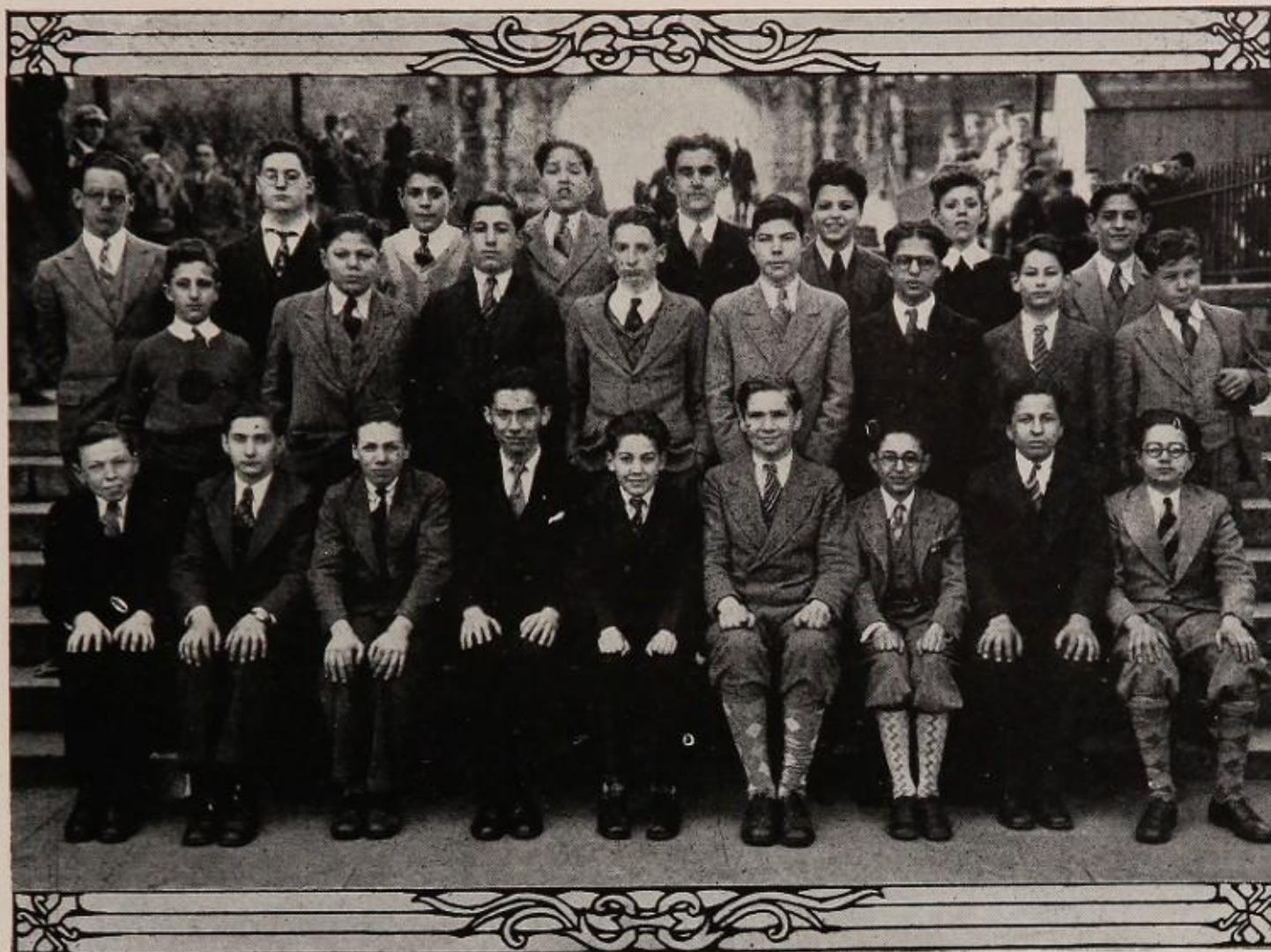
Junior Newman Club

LIMITED to a small number of students in Harris, the Junior Newman Club, nevertheless, has been functioning with a considerable degree of success during the past term. Under the ever-helpful guidance of Mr. Fitzpatrick, the faculty advisor of many years' experience, the club has admitted new members who are materially contributing to the welfare of this unique organization.

The Junior Newman Club was founded several years ago by its present faculty advisor. In addition to its being recognized as the official club for Catholic students in Harris, it is a full-fledged member of the Junior Newman Association of America. As a part of this nation-wide organization, the club extends to all students of Catholic extraction interesting programs for the purpose of instilling into these students an appreciatory sense for the ideals and benefits of Catholicism.

The officers of the club were:

FRANCIS DI FRANCO.....	<i>President</i>
GEORGE McDERMOTT	<i>Vice-President</i>
AMADO CANTON	<i>Secretary</i>
JOSEPH McGUINNESS	<i>Treasurer</i>
RALPH HERRERA	<i>Publicity Manager</i>



Stamp and Coin Club

STRIVING along the noiseless tenor of their way, unconcerned with the failure around them, but conspicuous by their unusual and thoroughly heartening success, the members of the Stamp and Coin Club have this past semester, earned a true recognition, attained by none other before them. By a rigid and loyal adherence to a Constitution lacking that duplicity or purpose, the hearty support of the student body, and the absence of Parliamentary procedure the meetings of the Club have become, not mere outlets of witticisms and an inherent hoodlum spirit, sources of helpful instruction.

Auctions were held at the weekly meetings; trades were completed and sales made. Through the efforts of the officers of the club, joint meetings were held with similar clubs of the various city high schools.

The club paper, the "COLLECTOR," although small, was one of the most interesting of all Harris publications.

The Officers, who, without faculty assistance maintained these high standards of the club, are:

JEROME COHEN	<i>President</i>
SIDNEY WALDMAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
AMADO CANTON	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
ALFRED GOODMAN	<i>Publicity Manager</i>



Chess and Checker Club

TO those students who are fond of the "king of sports and sport of kings", the Chess and Checker Club offers excellent opportunities. Save for one or two exhibitions by noted experts, the meetings were given over to tournament play. An unique innovation was that of conducting a separate tournament each week. This was made possible by playing several matches at the same time. The chief advantage of the idea was that if any member had to stay away from a meeting, he did not lose a chance to play the next week.

One of the chief reasons for having these tournaments so often is the need for preparation for the inter-scholastic tournament next fall. Of last year's team, only Jaretsky, the captain will be here for the tourney. Realizing that practice makes perfect, or nearly so, he has decided to give everyone plenty of it.

The officers of the club are:

DONALD JARETSKY	<i>President</i>
SEYMOUR SHERIFF	<i>Vice-President</i>
JESS WHITMAN	<i>Sec'y.-Treasurer</i>
MAX SCHOENFELD	<i>Publicity Manager</i>



Camera Club

LATEST addition to the ever growing list of Harris societies, the Camera Club fills a long felt want. Founded at the beginning of this semester by Messrs. Martin and Taub to stimulate interest in the art of photography and to eventually take over the photography of the Crimson and Gold it met with immediate success. Within two weeks of the call for members a constitution was drawn up, officers elected, and plans gotten under way for a snapshot contest and an exhibition of the entries in the library. Both were subsequently held and were very successful.

Nor was the work of the club confined to "stills". Motion pictures were given their full share of attention and at almost every meeting a showing was made of the work of one of the members of the club.

The officers who so ably conducted the affairs of the Camera Club during the past term are:

MYRON HOWARD.....	President
ALFRED BERGER.....	Vice-President
JEROME COHEN.....	Secretary
ARTHUR KRIVIS	Publicity Manager



Library Squad

DUE to the constant growth of the Library, the Library Squad has, of necessity, been so enlarged and has had its duties so increased that it is now one of the most important organizations at Harris. Were it not for it, Miss James would not have been able to care for the library in her usual efficient manner, and as a result only a small portion of the six hundred and more students who visited it during the past semester would have been able to avail themselves of its services.

Although by its constant growth it has become one of the largest high school libraries in the city, still brighter days are in store for the library. With the move to 23rd Street, its quarters will be so enlarged that it will surpass in size even the DeWitt Clinton library, the largest in the city. When this happens the Library Squad will be again enlarged and its importance to the Harris students will be still more increased.

The students who composed this squad during the past semester are:

Narins, DeKorp, Fensterstock, Wolfsky, Oris, Seidenberg, Fliegelman, Whitman, Gross, Ordman, Moses, Ginsberg, Arriessohn, Lavine, Hewitt, Klatzkin and Schact.



Varsity Show

LAYING aside the popular comedy farce of the last few semesters in favor of the more subtle humor of Oscar Wilde, the Varsity Show Players, in undertaking "The Importance Of Being Earnest," have achieved unprecedented success.

Coached for the second term by Mr. Dayton N. Dennet of the English Department, the cast played to capacity houses on the 23rd and 24th of May. The highly critical audiences accepted the presentation with a true and heartfelt appreciation. Victor W. Bikales, playing on the Senior evening and Richard Tolins, in the opening performance, displayed unusual histrionic ability, while William Eller, as the sophisticated young Londoner, gave excellent performances on both evenings.

In the supporting cast were the Misses Axel and Wise, of Hunter High School; Miss Wood, of the Civic Repertory Troupes; Miss Walker, Joseph McGuinness and Leroy Zehren.



Classical Society

REORGANIZATION, even under the best of conditions, is exceedingly difficult; and therefore, when Elick Budovsky undertook to reorganize the Classical Society he was faced with a colossal task. Yet, he was successful. So successful indeed that the Classical Society has regained its former self.

The big achievement of the club this term was the presentation of the drama "Poeta," an all Latin play. This along with the Virgil Anniversary programs held in honor of the famous Roman poet was extremely popular among the students and did much to increase the popularity of the society.

At the beginning of the semester a degenerated and practically dormant department of the club—the "Rostra"—was revived. This publication appeared regularly on the bulletin board and contained news of much interest to students of Latin.

The Officers of the Society were:

ELICK BUDOVSKY	<i>President</i>
JACOB WOLFSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
ARTHUR STURNER	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
BENJAMIN DISSIN	<i>Publicity Manager</i>



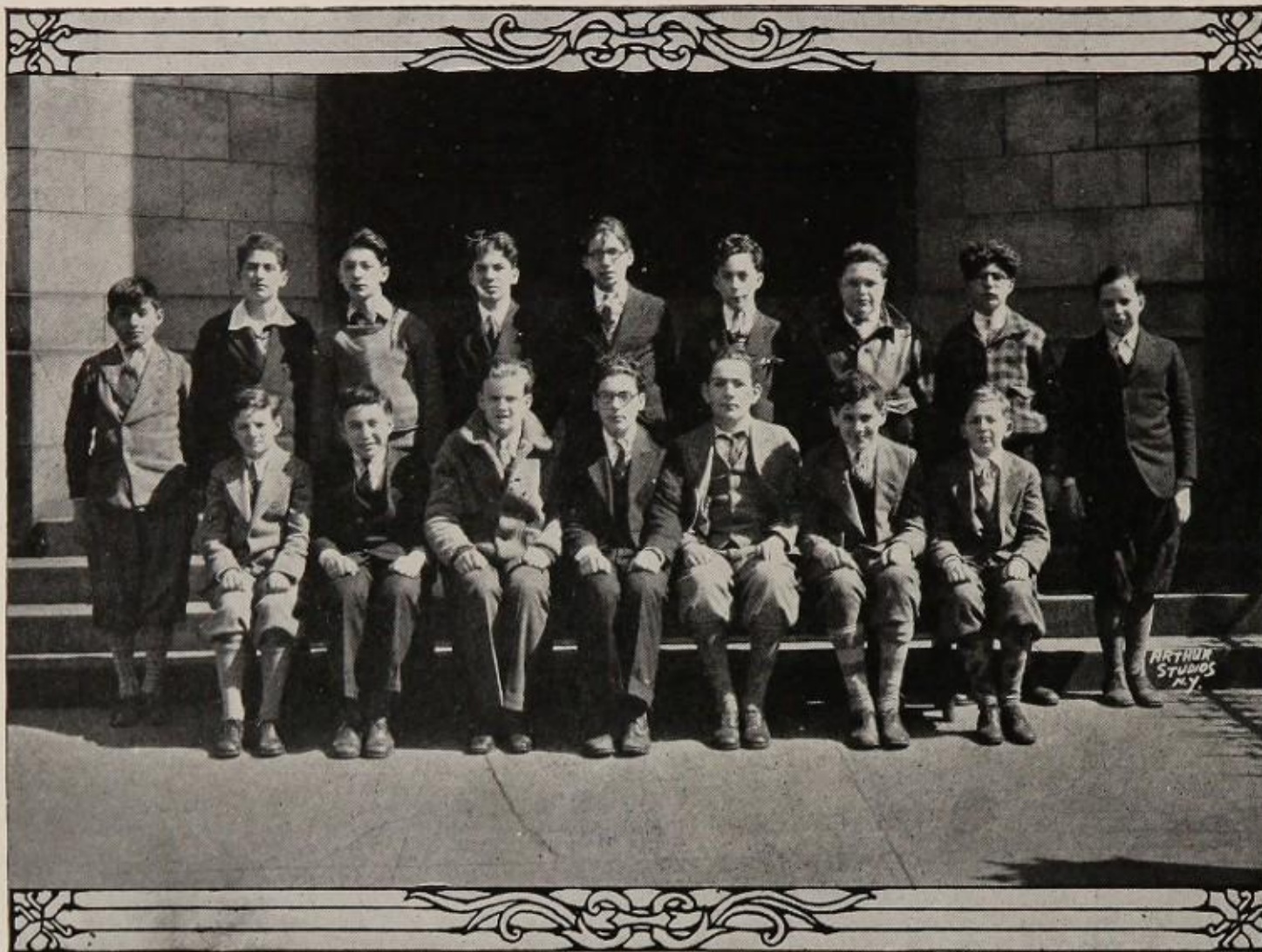
Information Bureau

AFTER three terms spent as the butt of everyone's favorite joke, the Information Bureau was reorganized and is now the useful organization planned by its founder, Richard Wells.

At the suggestion of Mr. Goldway, the efficient faculty advisor of the organization, the officers decided to abandon the old idea of posting someone at a desk on the concourse floor, to be confronted by numerous students who asked supposedly humorous riddles. According to the present arrangements, one blackboard in every English room is given over to the Bureau. Before nine o'clock every morning, a member writes on the boards notices of all the events of the coming day. In this way, everyone in the school is informed of the events of the day.

The officers of the organization, who worked so hard and unselfishly for the good of the student body, are:

NATHANIEL FENSTERSTOCK	<i>Director</i>
STEPHEN GROB	<i>First Vice-Director</i>
JONAS SALK	<i>Second Vice-Director</i>
BERNARD SEIGFRIED	<i>Third Vice-Director</i>



Orchestra

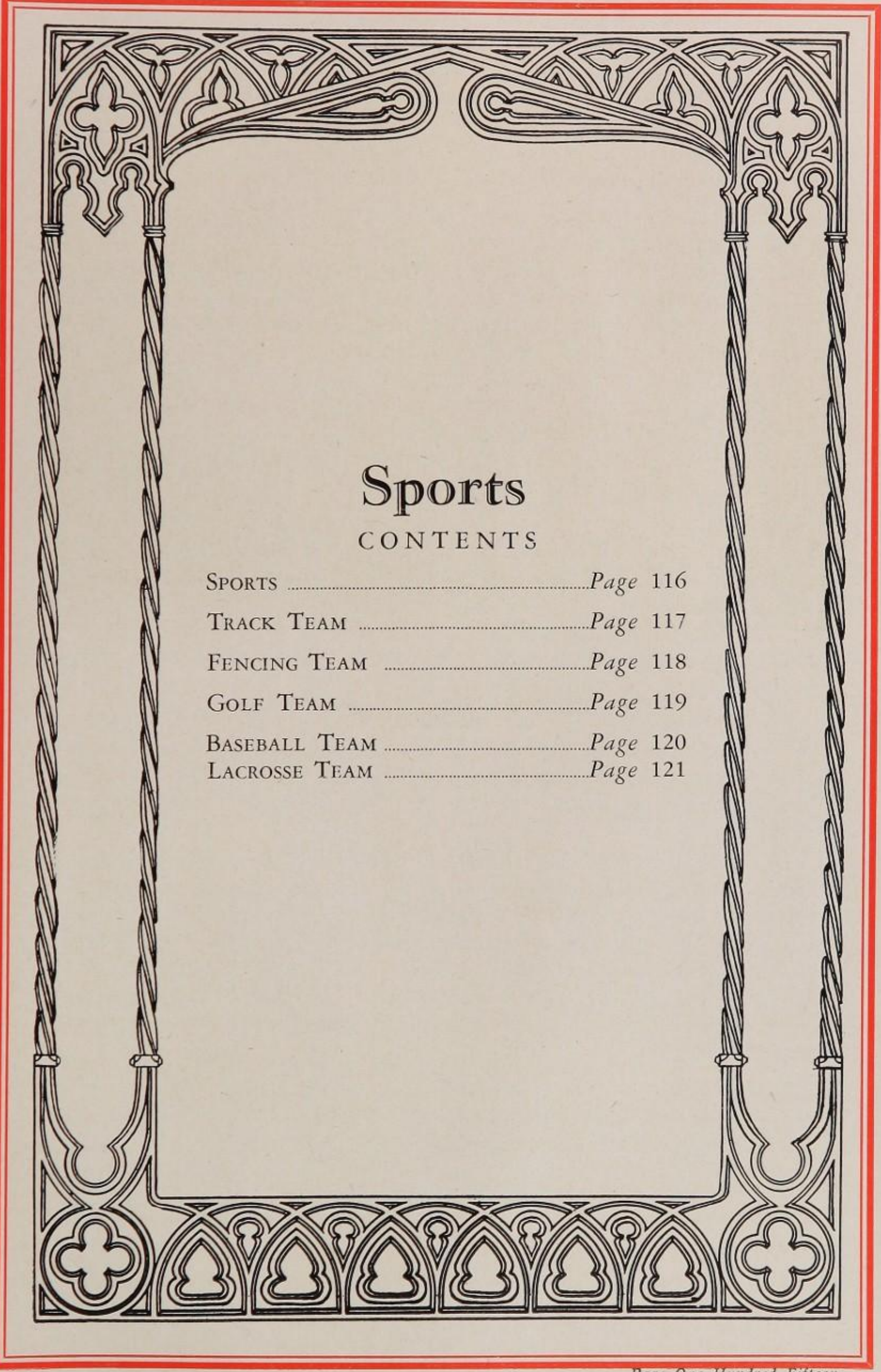
PRACTICING incessantly, and playing at all school affairs, from the informal assemblies to the pompous commencements, the Orchestra has become the true servant of the school. Under the leadership of Professor Neidlinger, and then, of Professor Wilson, it has grown from a small group of violinists to an able and competent ensemble.

With the addition of wind instruments and the drums, the orchestra was able to present more difficult pieces than ever before. And holding two rehearsals a week, the orchestra has been able to greatly increase its repertoire.

The peak of the year's accomplishment was the presentation of several selections at a meeting of the teachers of the major high schools of the city.

The officers of this organization are:

PAUL BAUMAN	<i>President</i>
IRVING DODES	<i>Vice-President</i>
HENRY ELLISON	<i>Secretary</i>



Sports

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Sports

A HIGH school's fame is greatly enhanced by the prowess of her teams. In this respect, Townsend Harris Hall finds herself in a dual position.

For a number of years, her teams have been gradually growing fewer; the material of her squads, scantier; and her athletic reputation, weaker. In fact, so far as her standing in sportdom is concerned, she has been slowly descending into total obscurity. Nevertheless, in spite of the depreciation in her sporting realm, Harris, to her rivals, remains aloof, elevated on a pedestal of reverence, the cynosure of questioning eyes. How can a High School, such as Harris, where sports are of professed unimportance, whose teams lack the professional coaching so apparent in their opponents, turn out athletic aggregations, at all? What fountain of perpetual spirit animates her representatives on the field of competition? These and similar queries continue to puzzle outsiders, yet we see them answered term after term.

During no other period has Harris looked upon such drastic changes in her sporting framework as have taken place in the last three years. It has witnessed the last stand of a Harris Basketball team. It has watched the Baseball team drop from an enviable position in the P.S.A.L. to a menial one in the Prep School League. And further still, it has seen the Track team, once an outstanding rival of the City Champions, go through a season without garnering a single point.

In former years, Harris athletic aggregations were wont to ascribe the glory of their victories to the inebriant spirit animating the school in general. Now, however, they may, with more propriety, attribute their degenerated condition to the lack of interest, and to the sluggishness so noticeable among the students.

In addition to the "don't care" attitude displayed by the students, the proposition of equipping the teams has always been one of great concern. Due to the fact that the student body is comparatively small, and, as a consequence the source of revenue, the teams have been handicapped by inferior equipment. Furthermore, a convenient place for the physical development of the teams is likewise lacking. Therefore, in view of these various obstacles to be overcome by our athletes, is it not little wonder that they are almost completely overwhelmed?

Still, Harris goes on, always putting out teams that go down to defeat, covering themselves with glory by the indomitable and "never say die" spirit; teams that have never experienced the invigorating thrill which contestants realize when they hear the encouraging plaudits of their schoolmates; teams that week after week, struggle for the fame and recognition of a school that feigns ignorance of their endeavors and that shows no acknowledgment of their sacrifice. To these men we heartily extend our praise, hoping that in so doing, we may awaken the student body to a realization of their task.



Track Team

BURDENED with the tradition of being one of the few Harris teams that could hold their own against any opponent, an inexperienced track team, sorely depleted in ranks by graduation this term, set itself nobly to the task before it, of carrying on a spotless record.

But it found out early in the term that it was no match for the other city High School teams. Undaunted by their dismay upon finding that no matter how long they practised or how much they strove to place in any of the contests their efforts were of no avail, the cinder pushers kept doggedly on, entering every meet continually, hoping that by some unexpected stroke of luck they would be repaid for all their troubles.

Among the many runners of promising ability uncovered this term, Wilson appeared to have the edge over Zimmerman in the 440 while Pruchansky, Visaper, Rosenfield and Cutler have vied with each other in varying degrees of success for the honor of best century runner. In the 220 yard distance, Edelman and Kern have shown outstanding ability.



Fencing Team

AT THE outset of the term's campaign, the Fencing Team, for the first time in the history of the sport in Harris, looked ahead with doubtful hopes.

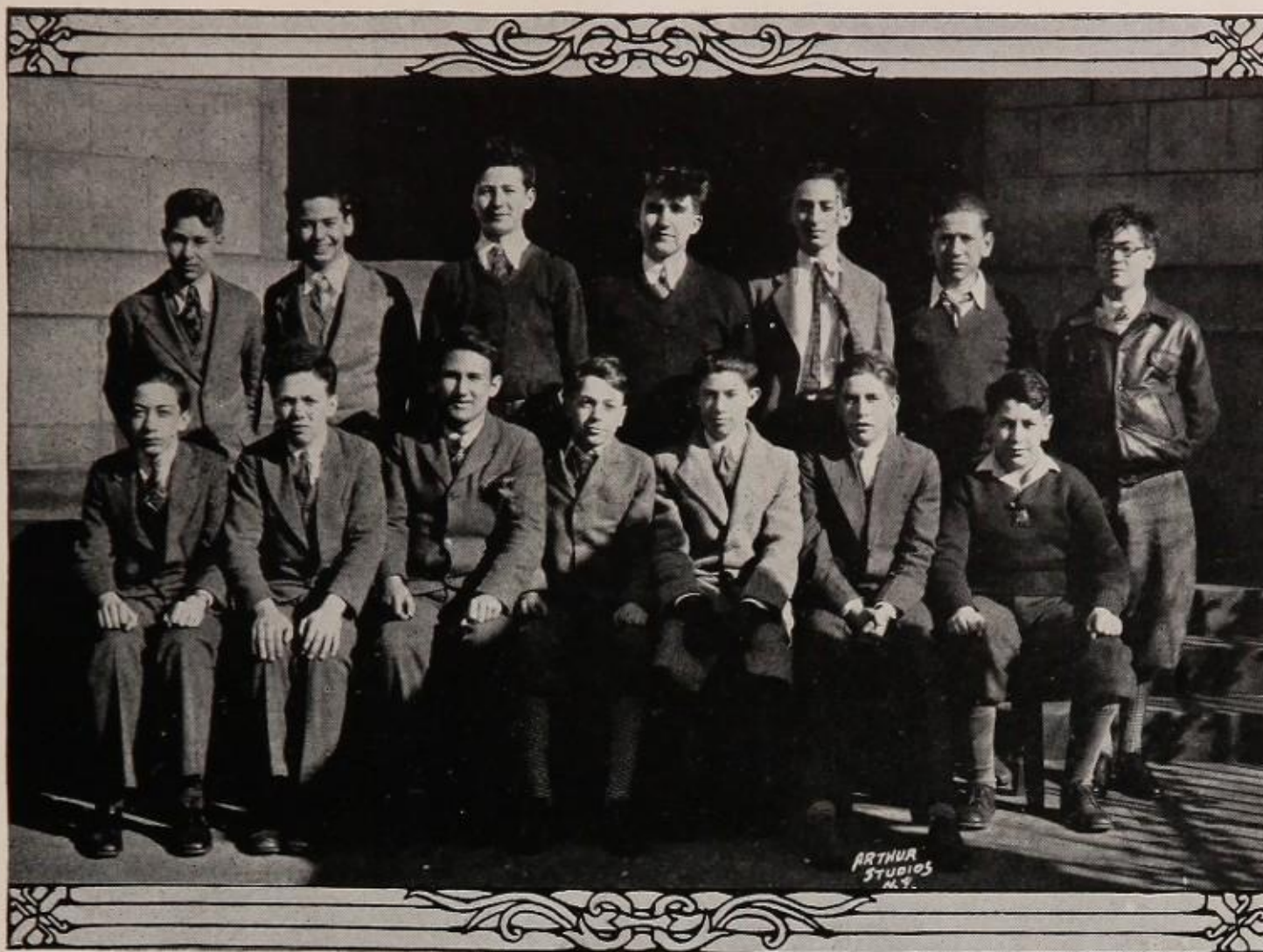
Its ominous expectations were fulfilled when it lost two consecutive matches to Morris, and one to Washington.

Regaining lost prestige, however, Captain Abrams, representing Harris at the city championships, captured ten consecutive bouts and advanced to the final round, only to meet defeat at the hands of Jungman, a comparative newcomer from New Utrecht.

However, beginning with Barringer, the trio finally roused itself from its lethargy to complete an otherwise creditable season.

The trio this term consisted of the veteran Captain Irving Abrams, a mainstay for the past three terms, Henry Karlin and Leonard Leight. Manager Francis Di Franco, in addition to his managerial duties, has proven his usefulness by ably substituting on several occasions. As usual, a host of lower classmen has been learning the rudiments of the art at the hands of Captain Abrams. But since Karlin, Leight and Di Franco will continue at Harris another term, the team will remain intact.

Manager Di Franco succeeded in arranging a very interesting schedule which included matches with Morris, Washington, Barringer, Central, Textile, Morris Evening and Boys'.



Golf

AT the beginning of the term, the absence of golf addicts was the sole drawback to the undertaking of pre-season drill, and for a while the forming of a team was dropped. However, at the suggestion of Coach McEwan, Lester Feinstein, the manager, finally issued a call for candidates. To his surprise, he found the meeting room packed to capacity by as enthusiastic and hopeful a group as ever tried out for a Harris team. With this show of encouragement, a hasty eliminative tournament was started.

From these trials Teytmeir, Hecker, Rosen and Feinstein were selected as the best "pill-chasers" at Harris. The team practised regularly at Van Cortlandt Park, while a schedule was drawn up with several city high schools. Although the golfers steadily improved—their game, which at the beginning of the term neighbored in the hundreds, was gradually lowered until 80 became a common occurrence—they could never overcome the handicap of their early season inactivity.

The schedule for the past term arranged by Lester Feinstein included matches with Jefferson, Roosevelt, Clinton, Evander Childs, Boys, Columbia Grammar, Textile, and several others.



Baseball

FINISHING its second season out of P.S.A.L. competition, the baseball team astounded all Harris cynics by playing a brand of ball unknown since the days of yore. By daring to launch a campaign more arduous than it would have to endure as a member of the P. S. A. L., the nine brought upon itself much ridicule, and rather uneven scores were complacently expected by the majority of the students.

However, in the first game of the season against a strong Clinton nine, the team disproved all pessimistic predictions by putting up a stiff fight and losing only after having led Clinton for the better half of the game.

With such an opener to lead them on, the ball tossers came through a grilling schedule with colors flying. The brunt of the season's play was borne by Capt. Edelstein and Letz, who comprised the pitching staff. At the receiver's end, although he had two capable understudies in O. Bloom and Fabricant, was the dependable Rosenberg. In the infield, there was Ash covering the initial sack, Fine on the keystone bag, the cavorting shortstop, "Honey" Block and the errorless Robeson on third. Out in the garden where the sluggers repose, were Poretz, Samilow and Greenfield and occasionally Buslik. If need be, there were sufficient and capable substitutes in Skudowitz, Weisel, Kleinman, Brownstein and Ahrens.



Lacrosse

AFTER having coached an inexperienced squad during the early part of the term in the points they were able to glean from a season's playing, Capt. Steve Tolins and Manager Murray Rosenberg then led the Lacrosse wielders through a season, successful as Harris seasons go. Although many men of promising ability were uncovered, the average weight and stature of the team offered serious handicap which it was unable to overcome.

A pre-season rivalry between Kuris and Hasins for the goalie position came to an unexpected end in the selection of "Red" Shanes. Although an attack man previously, Shanes was dependable between the sticks under all circumstances. In Hart, Gutterman and Rieser, Harris had a well balanced defense which at all times acquitted itself honorably. In the midst of every fray, Harris was well represented either by Steve Tolins, Murray Rosenberg, Scotty McDermott, Dick Tolins, Mickey Curran, Leon Smith or Charles Rothman, all of whom formed the regular attack. Should substitution have been necessary, Spike Rosenberg, Jesse Witchell, Sidney Waldman, Elkan Wendkos or Charles Ordman were always ready to relieve.

The schedule arranged for the past term brought Harris against the City College Jayvees, Boys', Madison, New Utrecht, Hamilton, Manual and Erasmus.

Senior Directory

INSTRUCTIONS FOR REUNIONS: The class has been divided into seven groups, each under the supervision of one secretary who will always be in communication with the Secretary-in-chief, Harold Lavine. At the meetings of the committee each secretary will represent his group. It will be the duty of each secretary to correspond with his group at definite intervals, so as to keep them informed of the activities and plans of the committee. In case of removal from your present address, notify your secretary.

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BIKALES, VICTOR W.....	681 West 193rd Street
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BLANKSTEIN, SAUL C.....	946 Leggett Avenue
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BUDOVSKY, ELICK.....	8 Manhattan Avenue
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CANTON, AMADO.....	546 West 165th Street
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Acknowledgment of Appreciation

To Mr. Jacob A. Friedman, for his ever-helpful guidance through the financial problems that arose in the issuance of this book;

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And to the members of the Art Staff, for creating the Art work in this issue;

The Editors of the Crimson and Gold of June 1930 extend their sincere gratitude.

Last Will and Testament of The Class of June, 1930

We, the members of the Class of June 1930 of Townsend Harris Hall, in the City of New York, having completed our allotted and additional time within these walls and being declared of sound mind by the eminent Dr. Berg and other noted (?) brain specialists, do make public and declare this our Last Will and Testament as follows:

1. *To Mr. Flynn we give and bequeath a book on the Eskimo Dialects for reference in addressing his classes.*

2. *To our most respected and beloved instructor in History, Mr. George W. Blake, we give and bequeath a fifty foot chimney with a pipestem attached and ten carloads of tobacco so that he may never lack the enjoyment of a smoke. The aforementioned chimney is to be erected in Lewisohn Stadium and the pipe stem brought to his room through the elevator shaft.*

3. *To our benevolent instructor, Mr. Chastney, we give and bequeath an electric horse and a Turkish bath to be placed under the stage in the assembly hall. If after using the aforesaid apparatus it is found that the honorable doctor does not reduce to any extent, the electric horse is to be given to Mr. Mark Fenderson, and the Turkish bath to our learned caretaker, "Pop".*

4. *To our mild and patient instructor, Dr. Truesdale, we owe and bequeath 50 (fifty) sand bags to be arranged above the chairs of his students. We also bequeath a patented release for letting the sandbags drop on any students who are engaged in talking, sneaking out of room, signing green cards, etc.*

5. *To our well known math instructor, Dr. Robinson, we give and bequeath a contract arranged with Sheffield Farms whereby a quart bottle of milk be delivered to him at the beginning of each period at $\frac{1}{2}$ (one-half) price. Said contract is good for ten years and is not transferable.*

6. *All the rest residue and remainder of our property, we give, devise and bequeath to our worthy director, Prof. Falion and to his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns forever.*

7. *We hereby appoint Dr. Mendelsohn and Miss Richter executors of this our last will and testament and we order that the said executors shall not be required to give bonus conditioned for the faithful performance of their duties.*

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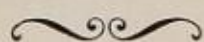
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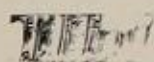
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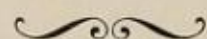
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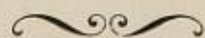
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